LBJ AND THE DEMOCRATS

DC June 2, 1966 35¢

Showdown in Danang

THE REPORTER

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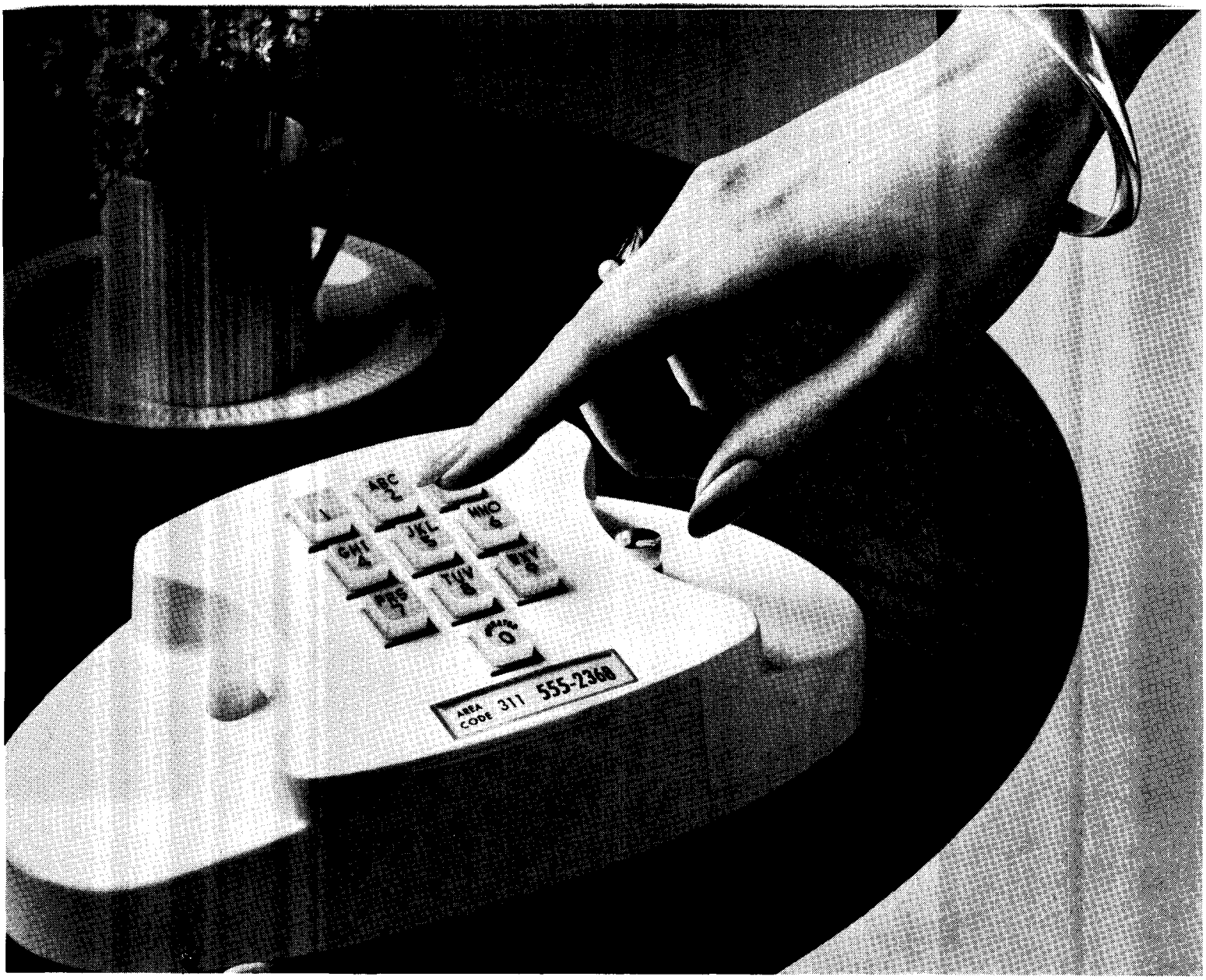

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IT SEEMS only yesterday that the Democratic Party swept the elections in two out of three cities and states and consolidated its majority in Washington. Did success spoil the Democrats? The party is feuding and in the red, and here we are in an election year again. This November, we are told, the Democrats may lose ground to the weakest batch of Republicans seen since the New Deal. One curious aspect of the picture, **Meg Greenfield** reports, is the frequently nonpartisan behavior of a man who has a reputation as a consummate master of party politics, Lyndon Baines Johnson.

THE BUDDHIST effort to gain control of the government in South Vietnam is called the Struggle Movement, a name that is vividly descriptive of the political paroxysms the country is now enduring. **Denis Warner,** who has followed the movement since its inception, writes from Vietnam that while the Buddhists in Hué and Danang have some valid grounds for complaint, the contagion of their rebellion can only in the end benefit the Vietcong. . . .The Dominican Republic is braced for trouble as the country heads toward Presidential elections amid threats and protests from Left and Right. **Paul D. Bethel,** executive director of the Citizens Committee for a Free Cuba, Inc., discusses the changes that have come about in the key areas of labor and public security in the past year, and examines how candidate Juan Bosch, as well as Provisional President Héctor García Godoy, have been courting danger by compromises with the extreme Left. . . . Haiti, which shares Hispaniola island with the Dominican Republic, is also showing signs of a crisis, according to **Robert Debs Heinl, Jr.** The despotic régime of President François Duvalier is virtually bankrupt and if it falls, American intervention in the Caribbean may again become necessary. Despite the lesson of Santo Domingo, however, no plans for co-ordinating such a move with the Organization of American States are evident in Washington. Heinl, a retired Marine colonel, served as head of the U.S. Military Mission in Haiti until he was expelled by Duvalier in 1963. . . . It is highly unusual for a successful party to attempt to deny an incumbent governor a chance for a second term, but that is what is happening in Minnesota. The Democratic Farmer Labor Party is both split and embarrassed by the determination of Governor Karl Rolvaag to seek renomination in the face of his own party leadership's opposition. **Richard Steele** covers the Midwest from *Newsweek's* Chicago Bureau. . . .The strike of British merchant seamen is the latest manifestation of one of the most crucial problems facing the Labour government: the chronic restiveness of Britain's trade unions. **George Bailey** reports from London. . . . Our cartoonist's work has been collected in *The Possible Worlds of Fernando Krahn* (Dutton).

ONE OF the greatest shows of African art ever assembled was a feature of the First World Festival of Negro Arts in Dakar this spring. **Frederic V. Grunfeld,** a regular contributor on music and art, was dazzled by the exhibition of what he calls "the only consistent alternative to the Greek tradition". . . . **Gerald Weales,** currently on leave from the University of Pennsylvania, has just been given the $4,000 George Jean Nathan Award for Dramatic Criticism for 1965. . . . **David R. Slavitt,** who makes his first appearance in *The Reporter,* is a former member of the *Newsweek* staff. . . . . **George K. Tanham** is co-author of *War Without Guns: American Civilians in Rural Vietnam* (Praeger). . . . **Virgilia Peterson** is the author of *A Matter of Life and Death* (Atheneum), and a frequent commentator on contemporary fiction.

Our Washington cover is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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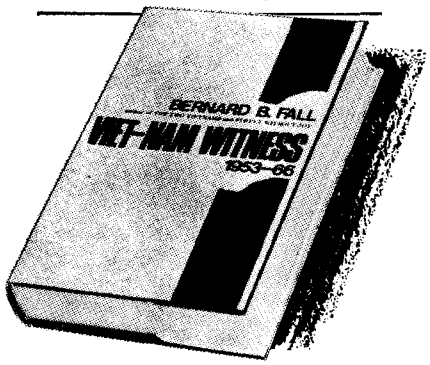

Bernard B. Fall's

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1953-66

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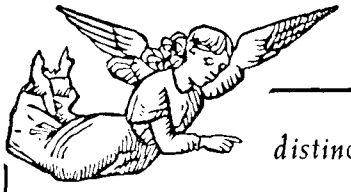

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FREEDOM

To the Editor: Your editorial "The Freedom to End Freedom" (*The Reporter* May 5) abrogates all the noble ideas embodied in your series of editorials supporting the President's position in Vietnam. What is the use of fighting in Vietnam if not to allow the South Vietnamese to freely choose their own form of government?

Surely all liberals must be repulsed by and probably see as impossible the event of a Communist government being democratically elected in Vietnam. But the South Vietnamese must be allowed to accept or reject this event. There can be no freedom in Vietnam when the United States says to these people: "Yes, we will allow you to choose your government—as long as it adheres to our ideas of what a government should be." Rather, Americans, because of their dedication to democracy, should use their influence to see that all, including Communists, may run and vote in the elections.

JEFFREY P. ZALESKI
New Hyde Park, New York

To the Editor: The recent events in Vietnam seem to bear out the argument of your editorial questioning the timing of elections there. It grows clearer day by day that many powerful groups on our side in South Vietnam are just as opposed to truly free elections as any of their Communist brethren in the North. I refer to the military, who fear a neutralist victory; to the Buddhist extremists, who only want elections set up in their favor; and to the Catholics, who fear they will become an oppressed minority.

When you get down to it, the only true boosters of free elections are we Americans, following true to form in our stubborn insistence on exporting our institutions to lands under our tutelage, whether or not those institutions are welcome or appropriate. Vietnam has no tradition of democratic elections, few organized political parties, and no immediate prospects for the kind of political climate conducive to a meaningful campaign. There probably will never be such conditions until the war is ended—by whatever means—and the people can return to their homes without fear.

To stake the future of the country on elections staged in the current atmosphere is less an expression of freedom than a surrender to the will of a noisy and undemocratic minority. The results, as you rightly point out, could be disastrous.

ARMAND COMEAUX
New Orleans

To the Editor: Freedom cannot be a qualified word when the name of the game is political choice. One cannot grant freedom only to do what is "right," even allowing that one possesses the secret of ultimate righteousness. The prevailing fear of the administration . . . certainly is that the Vietnamese people might very well make the "wrong" decision—a decision for Communism. Such a turn of events would effectively castrate our justification for being in Vietnam—to make the world safe for a democracy that, quite possibly, it does not want, at least solely on our terms.

ANN LAPIDES
Los Altos Hills, California

TAXES

To the Editor: In "The Tax Appeal Ordeal" (*The Reporter,* May 5), William R. Frye presents a rather limited view of the full field of income-tax disputes. The thrust of Mr. Frye's article appears to be that any taxpayer who wishes to deduct his $7,000 sailboat, or very many luncheons at $10 per plate, should plan also to employ competent professional help to get the deduction finally allowed. (A true boulevardier would consider this irritation to be no more than an inescapable surcharge upon going first class, rather akin to a tip to the headwaiter.)

Deplorable though the situation be, Mr. Frye may find some consolation in Section 212 of the Internal Revenue Code, allowing full deduction for fees paid to lawyers or accountants "in connection with the determination, collection, or refund of any tax."

MORGAN HUNTER
Austin, Texas

To the Editor: Mr. Frye had a bad experience. He admits the result was fair. He sampled accountants and they told him his experience was unusual. From this he leads us through a valley of hearsay and innuendo to the Ombudsman.

This is the type of article which destroys public confidence in government employees and keeps first-rate people out of government service. How often do we have to learn the same lesson?

DAVID S. LOGAN
Chicago

To the Editor: William Frye's article must have struck a responsive chord among thousands of readers who have been through the same sort of mess. I have been pulled out of the hat for audit three years in a row, and I am glumly resigned to the fact that my destiny apparently is to face this immense waste of my time and strain on my patience year after year. Judging from my own experiences, Mr. Frye's tribulations are by no means unfair examples.

MARTIN GOVER
Seattle

ACCIDENTS

To the Editor: In your May 5 "Reporter's Notes" item "Accidents Will Happen" you manhandle Henry Ford II,

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quoting him as saying, "The driver is the most important factor, because, if you drive safely, accidents won't happen," with the implication that he is both stupid and culpable. The trouble is, sir, that he is right. . . . more than sixty per cent of all accidents are caused by the driver.

This is not to say that Chrysler, General Motors, and Ford should not have agreed earlier to follow the safety recommendations of the government. It is to say that even after they improve their cars to meet those standards, you are not going to improve the death or accident rate until you improve the drivers. I have been listening to automobile-accident reports for some forty years now. Let me say only that if I had to choose between a long-distance automobile ride in a car off the floor of any dealer of any of the Big Three and driven by a competent careful driver, and a hundred-mile ride in a car with all the best safety features but driven by just any driver, I would go with the trained driver.

HERBERT B. BERNSTEIN
Cincinnati

ERRATUM

To the Editor: Professor John Kenneth Galbraith has drawn my attention to one significant inaccuracy in my *Reporter* article of May 19, "The Establishment Game: Nicholas Murray Butler Rides Again," an essay dealing with Professor Galbraith's April 22 address to Americans for Democratic Action. For having made it, I apologize.

When dealing with Galbraith's views of what he called "the New York foreign policy syndicate," I inaccurately attributed his reference to those who equate "freedom to make money" with "freedom" to this syndicate. Professor Galbraith regards this as a wholly unfair and inaccurate attribution and I accept his point. My article quoted him as follows: ". . . freedom [to the syndicate] means freedom to make money."

The bracketed phrase was mine and not his. When reading the text of his address, I was put off by his reference to two groups, or categories, which in my reading I mistakenly took to be one. Liberals, said Professor Galbraith, should stand "equally opposed to the divine right of wealth and the divine right in the field of foreign policy of Sullivan and Cromwell; Milbank, Tweed, Hope, Hadley and McCloy, Lucius Clay, Henry Stimson, Nicholas Murray Butler, and the more impeccably traditional members of the permanent foreign policy establishment."

I took these "divine righters" to be one and the same and not two different groups—as Professor Galbraith intended. I therefore deeply regret as inappropriate this aspersion of Professor Galbraith's personal views of the public motives of the men involved.

PAUL SEABURY
Cambridge, Massachusetts

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Buildup for a Letdown?

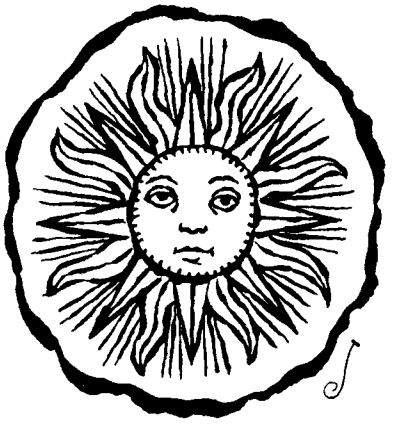
Too often in its endeavours to meet the needs of the Great Society, the administration's left hand doesn't know what its right is doing. From February through May canvassers for Operation Medicare Alert (conducted by the Office of Economic Opportunity), have been busy tracking down and signing up the 3.5 million of the nation's 19.1 million elderly who were not automatically covered by the basic plan of Medicare. Their efforts—in New York City alone eight hundred canvassers were at work—have drawn responses from all but one million of those sixty-five and over who are eligible.

The effort was a worthwhile one. But the question arises now as to how much help the elderly can really expect to get from Medicare. July 1, the date it goes into effect, was deliberately chosen because July is normally the slowest month, medically speaking. No one doubts that there will be a sharply increased demand for doctors' and hospitals' services after July 1. But neither does anyone know exactly how sharp or of what nature the demand will be—how many older people are now getting no care at all for conditions that require hospital treatment; how many are postponing elective operations with Medicare coverage in prospect; how many require longer hospital stays, nursing-home care, or the services of visiting nurses in their homes.

"People should remember—but they won't—that Medicare promises payment for services," Dr. Philip R. Lee, Assistant Secretary for Health and Scientific Affairs in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, told an interviewer for *U.S. News & World Report*. "It doesn't, and it can't, promise delivery of service."

Doctors and hospital administrators are certain that an increase in the number of older patients in hospitals (they now occupy one bed in four) will force a number of changes. Even without Medicare, it has been estimated that another 150,000 hospital beds were urgently needed. Moreover, since Medicare stipulates that patients are entitled to semi-private rooms, more and more hospitals will be converting their wards and reducing the number of beds. Older patients often require protracted care, but not necessarily hospitalization. To fill the gap, hospitals are now beginning to add units that will offer more medical supervision than a nursing home but less intensive care than a hospital. More and better nursing homes will have to be provided—the present shortage is estimated at 300,000 beds—particularly once the "extended care" sections of Medicare go into effect next January. And more visiting nurses will be needed once the number of older people requiring home nursing is fully revealed. These needs are recognized, but discussion of them is all too often in the future tense.

Even more serious than the lack of facilities is the shortage of trained medical manpower—doctors, nurses, and technicians of various kinds. Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz has warned that with Medicare another million workers will be needed in the field of health by the end of this year.



It took a long Congressional battle to get Medicare through. But little was done to create conditions under which it could really work. And come July, for those older people who are expecting to be rescued from medical neglect and financial worry, Social Security's efforts to sign them up may well prove to have been merely a variant on the old army game, "Hurry up and wait."

What Is One to Think?

In times of trouble, when the political atmosphere is overheated, the wandering trails of free association can—as the late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy demonstrated—lead almost anyone anywhere.

Recently Senator J. William Fulbright inadvertently started up just such a hare's chase. The Senator's research turned up the fact that George A. Carver, Jr., the author of an article on the Vietcong in *Foreign Affairs* which distressed Fulbright, is an intelligence analyst of the CIA. What troubled the Senator, quite rightly, was the failure of the journal's editors to so identify Mr. Carver. What troubles us far more is that such episodes as this and the revelations that CIA funds support university research and technical assistance projects judged to be in the national interest, have set loose an alarming amount of nonsense, this time from liberal quarters.

Take the May 13 issue of *Commonweal*. In an editorial entitled "Suspicion and the CIA," it praised a New York *Times* series on the agency, brooded over CIA infiltration of academia and *Foreign Affairs*, and finally got around to us: "The February 24 issue of *The Reporter* carried an article on the National Liberation Front by Douglas

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Pike. In many respects, Mr. Pike's article closely parallels Carver's. *The Reporter* identifies Mr. Pike as 'a specialist in research on the Vietcong for the United States Information Agency in Saigon . . . who recently spent a year at MIT preparing a definitive study of the National Liberation Front.' Now, the MIT Center of International Studies was established in 1951 with CIA money, is headed today by a former CIA assistant director, and only recently formally announced it was severing its relations with the intelligence agency. Once again, what is one to think?"

Well, there are all sorts of things to think. But first of all we owe it to Mr. Pike to assert patiently that he is indeed an employee of USIA, that he has never been on the CIA payroll, and that his research project at MIT was not supported by CIA funds.

With that out of the way, there are so many things to think it is hard to know where to start. The name Pike, for instance, is a pretty odd one. The first other Pike who comes to mind is the Right Reverend James A. Pike who, come to think of it, recently left his Episcopal bishopric to join up with the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara, a think tank which has come out with some pretty radical studies and which was founded by the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Republic, which was once investigated by a Congressional committee under B. Carroll Reece and which is headed by Robert M. Hutchins, who, as everyone knows, was once chancellor of the University of Chicago, which has certainly received millions of dollars of U.S. government grants, including (who knows?) some from the CIA.

Furthermore, according to the New York *Times*, which ran the famous series on the CIA (just why it has never been explained), Bishop Pike, who has been charged with holding heretical religious doctrines and who admits that he reached his decision to leave his diocese during a six-months' stay abroad (we wonder where?), will be associated at the Santa Barbara Center not only with Mr. Hutchins but with Dr. Linus Pauling, who holds heretical political views and who has attended international conferences with Soviet scientists.

There certainly is an awful lot to think about. . . .

Right Think-in

Barry Goldwater's Free Society Association launched its campaign to rescue America for conservatism with a self-styled "think-in" one recent afternoon in a Chicago hotel ballroom. There were four hundred people there, from well-scrubbed college kids to well-corseted matrons. As Denison Kitchel, Barry's old campaign manager and president of the FSA, said, no one could have mistaken it for a "sit-in" or "teach-in" or any of those other nasty "ins."

It also didn't look much like the start of the far-Right, third-party movement some Republican leaders feared when Goldwater announced the creation of the group last year. The FSA has forty thousand members and a budget of more than half a million dollars—enough to cause plenty of trouble if its leaders were so inclined. But, in fact, the FSA message and methodology are so bland that many of the Chicago faithful seemed a mite disappointed.

Milton Friedman, a University of Chicago free-enterprise economist, told them: "We don't want a third party and we don't want a great gulf between the parties. What we want to do is create an intellectual persuasion that will pull both parties over to the conservative viewpoint."

That did not sit well with some of the old Goldwaterites in the crowd who remember that their hero promised them "a choice, not an echo."

A lady in the audience told Professor Friedman: "We had Prohibition and it didn't work and we voted it out. Why on earth don't we have a chance to vote out foreign aid?" They might get the chance, the professor replied, if they could persuade more people that foreign aid is the folly they knew it to be. But that might take years, the lady said, and meanwhile here were Paul Douglas and Charles Percy, the Senate opponents in Illinois, and both of them favored foreign aid. What kind of choice was that? She sat down to hearty applause.

Mr. Friedman recouped some ground with the crowd by advocating the abolition of the Securities and Exchange Commission ("There is no justification for government regulation of stock speculation," he said) and by urging them to inform their Negro friends that the minimum-wage law is anti-Negro because it "condemns unskilled Negroes to unemployment," instead of letting them work at whatever wages their talents could command.

The afternoon's foreign-policy expert, Professor Gerhart Niemeyer of Notre Dame, had a hard time too. He got off on the wrong foot when he answered a question on Atlantic Union by describing it as "a dream for the future."

"A dream or a nightmare?" the questioner asked sharply.

Professor Niemeyer also shook the conservatives by remarking that the Vietnam war could end only by negotiations with Hanoi, even though he softened the blow by suggesting that the United States capture Haiphong and use it as a pawn in the talks. There was some displeasure with his remark that a war with China would be "disastrous" and with other comments in a similar vein.

The audience's frustration was indicated by the ringing applause that greeted a white-haired lady with sunglasses who stood up at the very end of the think-in and accused President Johnson of "giving aid and comfort to the enemy" by advocating trade with Communist countries. "Why don't we," she cried with more fervor than historical accuracy, "have a Patrick Henry who will stand up and say, 'Impeach him!' "

●

In Max Ascoli's signed "Reporter's Note" of May 19, "The Anti-Anti," an error appeared in a number of copies. The first paragraph, referring to a current proposal for dealing with China, said the new theory is "embroidered by signs of good will called containment with isolation." This, of course, should have read "containment without isolation."

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LBJ and the Democrats

MEG GREENFIELD

SPRING came to the Democratic Party this year—and to its leader, Lyndon B. Johnson—with an apparent storm of political trouble. In the Senate, ranking Democrats were, by their own account, trying to foment a rebellion of the electorate against the President's policies in Vietnam. Thanks to the party's financial troubles, the activities of the Democratic National Committee headquarters in Washington had been severely curtailed, prompting a caucus of freshman Congressmen to express their collective outrage at the loss of election-year services. The freshmen also let it be known that they were sick of being coaxed into risky pro-labor votes for the sake of keeping peace between the administration and the leadership of the AFL-CIO. But if labor's leaders were feeling peaceable toward the administration, it was the best-kept secret in town.

In almost every big industrial state in the nation, Democrats were engaged in bitter, costly internal warfare. The national committeemen and committeewomen, whose rules require that they meet at least twice a year, had not been called together by their chairman, John M. Bailey, for fifteen months. When they finally did convene in Washington, they were quick to convey to any reporter at hand their private dismay at the state of party affairs. To hear them tell it, there was no one in the White House who understood or cared about their problems. Moreover, there was more worry about Vietnam in the boondocks than the White House credited or the polls disclosed. The cutbacks in the voter-registration drive (one of the National Committee's economies) could cost them the elections in the fall. What with the seeming detachment of the White House and the demise of the committee itself, they didn't even know where to lodge their complaints. Thus, Albert S. Porter, who is the committeeman from Ohio and the boss of Cuyahoga County (Cleveland), lodged one fairly common complaint out loud: shortly before the meeting, Porter had declared that his organization was no longer even consulted on patronage matters.

To be sure, there are few emotions astir in the human heart that are less reliable than the nostalgia of

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politicians, and it is not difficult to think of precedents under past administrations for each of these alleged atrocities. But even when appropriate allowances have been made, two curious facts stand out about Lyndon Johnson and the party he is leading toward the fall elections. The President, whose critics have customarily portrayed him as a man obsessed with politics, is now being charged with indifference to the proper political concerns of a party leader. And the party that only eighteen months ago enjoyed electoral triumphs at every level of government is—according to many of its faithful—in a dangerous state of disrepair.

Quadrennial Compromise

To console those who are in mourning for the National Committee, Johnson loyalists point out that not since Harry Truman's time has a Democratic President or Presidential candidate reposed either much trust or much authority in the committee. To the abiding fury of Mr. Truman, Adlai Stevenson not only replaced the committee's top staff with his own but also made replacements at lower levels. During the Eisenhower years a well-publicized conflict developed between the committee and its chairman, Paul M. Butler, and the Congressional Democrats led by Senate Majority Leader Johnson and House Speaker Sam Rayburn. Each constituted a sort of self-styled government in exile that professed to speak for the party nationally. But by the end of the 1950's, many of them were no longer even speaking to each other.

Despite this state of affairs, the separatist Kennedy organization that had emerged by 1960 was widely viewed as a menace to some kind of stable and orthodox hierarchy of party elders. Throughout the Kennedy years, party business was transacted less often by Bailey and his crew than by a combination consisting of Robert F. Kennedy, Kenneth O'Donnell, Lawrence F. O'Brien, Richard Maguire, and Stephen E. Smith. Meantime, the quasi bureaucracy on K Street flourished. "It was costing us a fortune to operate," a Johnson administration official told me recently, "and a lot of those people hadn't been doing a goddam thing for years." He added that in parceling out responsibility for party affairs to various of his own operatives, Mr. Johnson was only conforming to a pattern that his predecessors had set.

Be that as it may, Mr. Johnson has been called upon to lead the party under new and distinctive circumstances, and there is also much that is distinctive about his method of handling them. All the pulling and hauling over the national leadership in recent years has only served to accentuate a truth that political scientists never tire of repeating—namely, that in terms of structure, discipline, and ideology there is no such thing as a national Democratic Party; there is only a voluntary confederation of local organizations and a quadrennial compromise (or collision) of various regional, economic, occupational, and class interests. Kennedy used to talk about his desire to forge a truly national party out of all these elements, but his attempt to start the process by centralizing the collection and distribution of party funds caused such a ruckus in the states and on the Hill that he lost any illusion he had about its short-range feasibility. What has complicated the picture for Mr. Johnson is that the strange aggregate of issues, interests, and organizational sub-units over which he is expected to preside is in a condition—to put it mildly—of flux.

First, there have been the mixed blessings of success: the enactment of the key planks of the 1964 platform has deprived the party of both its traditional rallying cries and the closest thing it had to party dogma. Then there has been the pronounced decline in the power of independent party titans all over the country—in the statehouses of the South, the precincts of the North, and the committees of the U.S. Congress; fights for succession account for much of the hullabaloo in the states and in Washington as well.

Moreover, what time and sociology have not done to alter the structure of the Democratic Party, the Republicans took care of in San Francisco in 1964. Indeed, with all the hand-wringing over the condition of the G.O.P. as a result of the Goldwater nomination, no one has paused to assess the damage done the Democrats by their excessive victory. The party found itself in control of both houses of thirty-two state legislatures, for example. The ratio of Democrats to Republicans in the committees of Congress had to be expanded to make room for all the newcomers. Two-thirds of the country's cities are now governed by Democrats, as are thirty-three of the fifty states. In short, within the party itself there has been a sudden multiplication of centers of power and ambition and, therefore, of competitors for higher office. It is hardly any wonder that the waiting lines are getting somewhat rowdy in the states or that, in the absence of serious Republican opposition and in the presence of new, untested issues on which the party as a whole has taken no stand, the Democrats are at each other's throats.

Consensus Collision

More than a year and a half after the 1964 election, analysts continue to pore over the returns and to argue about their meaning in terms of loyalty to the two major parties and of trends within the electorate. Their deliberations are said to be of great interest to Lyndon Johnson, but little that is conclusive is yet known. For although everyone seems to agree that "something is happening," as they put it, nobody seems to know what it is. To the contention that there has been a change of political heart in the suburbs comes the reply that there has merely been a change of population—a moving of Democrats to Republican land. To the demand that the party take account of the increasing youthfulness of the electorate, some analysts respond with the observation that the age group from twenty-one to twenty-five shows a strikingly low incidence of voting, adding that the biggest age-group crossover to the Democrats in 1964 was made by voters over fifty. Even as these and similar speculations continue to be pondered, however, there are two categories of voters whose dramatic contribution to the Democrats' victory in 1964 nobody questions—Republicans and Negroes. And it is Mr. Johnson's determination to hold their loyalty that has brought him into direct conflict with party

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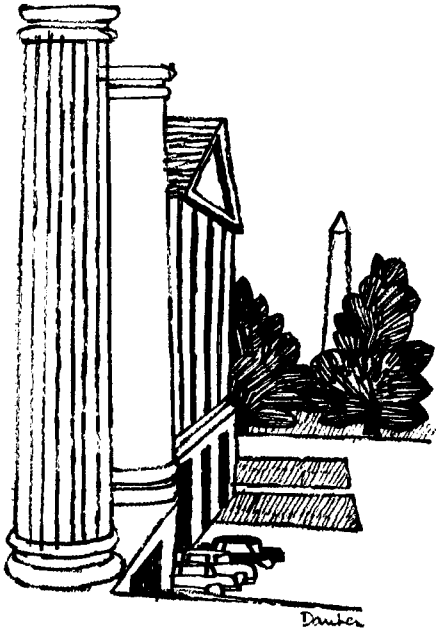
functionaries around the country.

As long ago as 1955, Mr. Johnson, as Senate Majority Leader, was antagonizing many of his fellow Democrats with his insistence that the most politically rewarding stance they could take was one of bipartisanship. There is still some argument among Democrats over the Johnson record of co-operation with President Eisenhower and whether it played an important part in the election of so many Democrats to Congress in 1958, but there is no doubt which side of the argument Lyndon Johnson is on. Since that time, other factors have reinforced the President's belief in the practical wisdom of bipartisan politics, or what now goes by the pejorative name of "consensus": the apparent availability of Republican votes for Democrats, the President's own need to overcome a sort of riverboat gambler-politician image (to the persistence of which he does not take kindly), and the neutralization of many of the doctrinal disputes between the parties that once inflamed public opinion—chiefly against the Democrats. For an example of the latter, it is only necessary to consider the vicissitudes of Republican governors who have been trying to get their expanded programs and/or tax increases through Democratic legislatures.

"He works and plays with [the] big money crowd," a National Committee handbook in 1956 disclosed under a heading that read "The Men Ike Likes." These days, for obvious reasons, the "big money crowd" has disappeared as an object of anathema from Democratic literature, and the same may almost be said of the Republican Party, which only rarely rates malevolent attention. The restraining hand of Mr. Johnson is apparent in all this, and he is also known to have toned down the partisan rhetoric of members of his staff and Cabinet even when they were on their way to address ordinarily tub-thumping party rallies. Probably the local leaders who object to this policy could learn to live with the feelings of abandonment and even orphanhood it is said to inspire. But they are making it increasingly plain that nonpartisanship in Federal job appointments is something else again and that they do not regard the loss of their patronage as just another necessary sorrow.

According to John Macy, who is chairman of the Civil Service Commission and who operates a sort of White House dragnet for prospective appointees, at the end of April Mr. Johnson had made 370 major appointments, divided about evenly between people in government service and people who came in from outside. These proportions, which could not be expected to please party workers, have led some to protest against what they call "Johnson's civil service government." Nor are they any happier about the makeup of "their" fifty per cent—the so-called political appointees.

To some extent, the fuss merely represents a continuing postwar conflict between party leaders whose strength is based on their capacity to reward and a succession of Presidents who have judged the need for competent technicians and specialists more important than their party obligations. Still, it is true that Mr. Johnson has put an awful lot of Republicans in high places and that the claims of the party regulars are habitually subordinated by him to the findings of Macy's three-hundred-man network of volunteer scouts, many of whom represent foundations, university administrations, and similarly apolitical institutions. Moreover, according to some of the disaffected, Mr. Johnson has also regularly declined to clear his appointments with the appropriate party leaders once his decision has been made. Some of those close to the President attribute this practice to his penchant for secrecy and surprise, others to his desire to minimize the partisan aspects of his Presidency. The only appointments about which no one seems to be shy are those of Negroes, and Mr. Johnson has made an astonishing number of them at the uppermost reaches of his government. From time to time, these appointments are retabulated and put forth in press releases by the National Committee, acting unabashedly in its own party name.



Throughout the 1950's the trend toward Republicanism on the part of Negro voters went considerably beyond the Eisenhowerism of their white counterparts. In the Congressional elections of 1958, for example, Negroes failed to cross back to the Democrats in anything like the force that other voters did. Tentatively under President Kennedy and more pronouncedly under Mr. Johnson, that trend has been stopped. But Mr. Johnson's efforts to recapture and retain the Negroes' loyalty for the party nationally have often run counter to the political interest of party officeholders in the cities and states of the North—or at least that's the way the officeholders see it. The struggle of the governors to acquire veto power over poverty programs in their states, the jealousy and apprehension of mayors at the sight of Negro protest movements and administration-blessed welfare projects turning into political organizations in their midst, and the mixed emotions with which many party regulars view the growing and ever less controllable (by them) Negro electorate are all manifestations of the conflict.

Certainly there is no single explanation that can rationalize all the intraparty warfare going on in the states, much of which is particular and locally inspired. In California, for instance, it has much to do with the historic and unpredictable relationship between Governor Edmund Brown and Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh; in Michigan, it is a fairly direct contest of wills; in Ohio,

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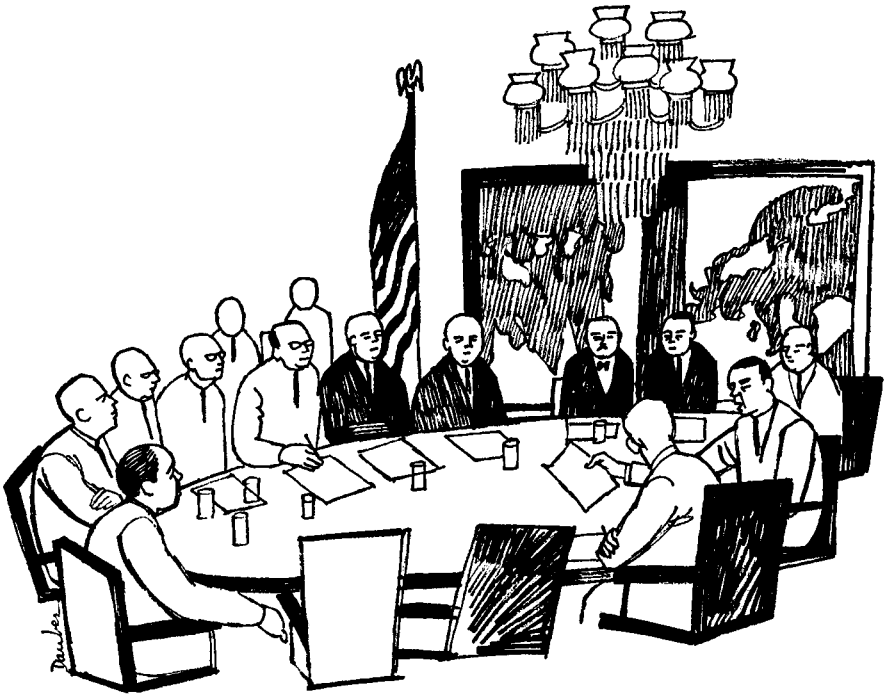
the party is simply suffering a classic case of tired blood. Still, one pattern does recur: in most of the important Northern states, where big cities have long been the source of the party's strength, the alliance of labor, Negroes, middle-class white liberals, and machine politicians upon which that strength was based is coming apart. And the emergence of independent Negro political groups that do not feel very sentimental about the local Democratic organization has been central to the process.

It is debatable whether, as some in the party argue, the direct dispensation of Federal largesse and attention to local Negro leaders for the sake of gaining their loyalty to the party in national elections accounts for this development. But the trend to mass protest voting on the part of Negroes in recent municipal elections has demonstrated the wisdom of the President's determination to identify a Democratic administration with the fulfillment of the Negroes' ambitions—just as it has demonstrated the wisdom of local leaders in fearing for their political hides. A well-organized Negro vote elected Jerome Cavanagh mayor of Detroit a few years ago over the opposition of the AFL-CIO and the press. Negroes were decisive in disappointing the hopes of the Democratic machines in Philadelphia, New York City, and Louisville last fall. In Cleveland, an independent party with its own Negro candidate, Carl Stokes, took on a Republican contender, a maverick Democrat, and a Democratic incumbent and came within two thousand votes of winning the mayoralty.

SEEMINGLY, the most dramatic of these confrontations is that now under way between Mayor Richard Daley and Martin Luther King in Chicago. But it is generally believed that Daley, who has contrived a sort of miniature Johnsonian consensus of his own, will ultimately be able to accommodate King and make room for most of his followers in the tent. Indeed, Daley's political good fortune in the face of the decline of comparable leaders elsewhere owes much to this habit of leadership by inclusion and co-operation. In particular, it has spared



Illinois (and Daley) the development of a separate liberal wing, a condition that plagues the party in such crucial states as California, Pennsylvania, and New York.

At best, the ideological union of the party's bosses and its liberals has always been a tenuous one. As Congressmen, it is true, both the late Boss William Green of Philadelphia and Boss Charles Buckley of the Bronx had voting records that consistently nudged 100 per cent on ADA scores. But when the exigencies of liberalism came to include calls for their removal from power, they were not so liberal any more. Except in Pennsylvania, where it is intimately associated with the ADA, the issue-minded, independent Left of the party has not been notably successful in electing its own candidates to office. The California Democratic Council is in decline at the moment, and the reform movement in New York is fragmented and leaderless. Nevertheless, their adherents' frame of mind is not without its importance to the President. By and large, such groups represent the heart of the opposition to his Vietnam policy within the party, and they demonstrated their willingness to desert the Democrats last fall, contributing mightily to the Republicans' success in both New York and Philadelphia.

To adjudicate the disputes between the various elements now in conflict within the party, while retaining their allegiance to the administration and meanwhile hanging onto a portion of the electorate that ordinarily thinks of itself as Republican, is doubtless a task that is even beyond Mr. Johnson's famous powers of persuasion and political legerdemain. He is being criticized at present by some of his friends as well as his enemies for the style in which he has chosen to exercise—or not exercise—his power in party affairs. Some characterize his methods as too much those of a Senate Majority Leader who holds his power closely and only moves in at the last minute to break a deadlock to his own advantage. Others belabor the President for assuming that the party as a nationwide entity is merely the Texas party writ large. According to this school of thought, he is neglecting the details of party organization in the mistaken belief that success rests on arrangements reached with and among a few key people such as editors, businessmen, labor leaders, and spokesmen for various other interests. Clearly there is some advantage to each of these approaches, given the current peculiar condition of the party. The question is whether Mr. Johnson is passing up other opportunities to build the party's po-

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litical strength and, coincidentally, his own.

As many a President prior to Mr. Johnson has found, the instruments available for guiding the affairs of the party in the states are few indeed and perilous to employ. Reportedly, Franklin Roosevelt's ill-fated efforts at intervention are well and often remembered by the President, and there are also examples from the Kennedy days closer to hand. As a result of its pre-convention experience in the states, however, the Kennedy organization had better information on the outlying precincts than Mr. Johnson's entourage appears to have, and more confidence in dealing with them.

Blaming It on Watson

Some of the pros, of course, are still in place. Postmaster General O'Brien has a big hand in the Johnson administration's political operations, and he frequently takes to the road on trouble-shooting missions. Louis Martin, of the National Committee, continues to mediate among various Negro and other minority groups on the party's behalf and to serve as an extremely competent general intelligence gatherer as well. Vice President Humphrey is also very much in the act. Even when these acknowledgments have been made, however, the fact remains that Mr. Johnson has put more distance between himself and the state apparatus than any of his recent predecessors. Thus there are complaints that he doesn't get good information. There is concern that he has, as one New York State committeeman put it, "no presence" in the states—"nothing going for him here at all." Often all this is likened dismally to the pre-convention situation in 1960, when Mr. Johnson misjudged the relative strength of the Washington-based party—Senators and others of his well-wishers in the capital—in a contest with the state-based organizations that the Kennedys had cultivated.

Whenever such things are discussed, the name of Presidential Appointments Secretary Marvin Watson heaves into view. Many people calculate the former state chairman of the party in Texas to be the power behind the White House's handling of Democratic Party affairs. Watson first appeared on the scene in the summer of 1964, having been summoned by Johnson to accomplish the unappealing chore of straightening out convention arrangements in Atlantic City. Since the campaign, John Bailey's chairmanship has become even more nominal in nature than it was under Kennedy; Clifton Carter, an amiable Texan who has been with Johnson for almost thirty years and whom the President made executive director of the National Committee, increasingly came to devote himself to fund-raising affairs; and Watson moved into the White House, occupying the formal position that O'Donnell had held under Kennedy.

It is doubtful that Watson has anywhere near the authority to act on his own with party potentates that O'Donnell did, and in a way this is part of his problem. He is habitually blamed in the press and in party circles for White House decisions that in all likelihood the President made. Indeed, one of the chief objections party workers have to him is that he is not familiar enough with the problems they bring him to answer their requests on the spot—even with the "No" for which he has acquired a certain fame. "Marvin simply doesn't understand the meaning of the term 'political organization' in our sense," one party official told me, "and he is just beginning to learn who anyone is."

CHIEFLY, Watson is blamed for the drastic economy measures imposed on the national party apparatus, especially for the fate of the voter-registration drive. The Committee on Political Education (COPE) of the AFL-CIO was deeply involved in this project in terms of both money spent and manpower employed. It did not appreciate the apparent failure of the White House to take seriously either its efforts or its entitlement to a voice in party decisions of such magnitude, and the fact that two staff members generally thought of as labor's men were among the casualties at the National Committee did not help. According to White House aides, the voter-registration project will simply be taking a new form in the future, and they assert that the fuss with COPE is being patched up—but it will take some patching.

Whether or not there was a stunning failure of tact in this performance, there is no gainsaying the financial crisis that brought it about. The administration's hopes of paying off a good part of the Democratic debt last year were foiled when the President's illness took him off the fund-raising circuit for a prolonged period and when unfavorable publicity about a dubious money-making gimmick—the so-called "nonpartisan" ad book—obliged the party to freeze more than half a million dollars it had raised. In view of the fact that a considerable amount of money had already been spent on programs specifically de-

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signed to assure the re-election of freshman Congressmen, the White House tends to regard their current complaints as a particularly painful example of ingratitude.

When John Kennedy was President, a rather mysterious operation conducted by an assistant to Presidential Press Secretary Pierre Salinger appropriated a certain amount of the political work normally done by the National Committee, such as research for partisan purposes, the documentation of administration achievements, and so on. Since Mr. Johnson took office, these functions have disappeared from view altogether. But this is not to say that they are not being carried out. Like every other administration, Mr. Johnson's conducts a fair amount of partisan political business at the taxpayers' expense inside the White House, and much of it at the moment has the purpose of aiding the party in the elections this fall. That such goings-on are shrouded in secrecy is not surprising. But as a result of the President's procedures in other matters—his ostentatious "nonpartisanship," his disinclination to become identified with the party machinery, his refusal to yield on demands for patronage—the silence and mystery have been interpreted as inaction and have tended to confirm an impression that the President is leaving the party to its own devices. That is the impression that some of his friends are worried about now, especially those who take an alarmist view of the information coming back from the states that Robert Kennedy is up to something.

The Kennedy Shadow

What might be called a Making of a President fixation is evidently at work in much of the speculation on this subject. Recent press accounts, for instance, have imputed significance to such characteristics as one primary candidate's "Kennedy-like shock of hair" and another's ability to read and absorb material quickly—"like Kennedy." From all sides there have been disclaimers of active involvement, and to a certain extent they may be taken at face value. Candidates all around the country—California, Florida, Michigan, Tennessee—have sought to identify themselves with one or another side in the alleged contest between the Johnson-Humphrey administration and Kennedy for control of the party. Some, as a result, have been disavowed. Johnson made it plain that Governor

Haydon Burns of Florida did not have his blessing in a primary contest no matter how often he said he did. And according to Michigan's national committeeman, Neil Staebler, Senator Robert Kennedy called party leaders in that state specifically to disavow the labors in the primary election of a former political aide of his. Nor, would it seem, if the principals had their way, would some of the candidates be running at all. At last report Thomas Braden, the Kennedy candidate, so called, for lieutenant governor in California was said to be polling less than fifteen per cent of the vote. In the Wisconsin gubernatorial primary, Hubert Humphrey's friend David Carley, whom the Vice President did not encourage to run, is said to be courting certain disaster.

To discount the likelihood of plans under way for a 1968 coup at the national convention, however, is not to say that there is no planning at all. Robert Kennedy and his followers keep in regular communication with party bigwigs around the country. He is working hard at the almost insuperable task of gaining control of the New York State Democrats he represents. Both Kennedy brothers speak often on behalf of fellow Senators and Representatives in the states at money-raising events, and unlike on occasions when administration members do the same, the takings do not have to be divided up with the National Committee. There are clearly stirrings among would-be protectors of Humphrey's political future too, and a good bit of strategic planning. But it is probable, according to those who have a hand in these matters, that both Humphrey and Kennedy will concentrate on what is known as image making in the immediate future.

STILL, given the fragmented condition of the party in the states, it would be easy for a polarizing to occur between Kennedy Democrats—even self-appointed ones—and administration Democrats, creating even more bitterness than currently exists. It could also present Mr. Johnson with some rather stark political choices and have an effect on his freedom to conduct both foreign and domestic affairs by his own lights. An oddly neglected passage in Robert Kennedy's Vietnam statement earlier in the year, for example, suggested at least a passing attempt to intertwine the discontents motivating different segments of the party—those objecting most vigorously to the war in Vietnam and those whose domestic demands Mr. Johnson is striving to keep abreast of and satisfy. The war, Kennedy said, was harmful to our efforts to meet the problems of our cities and it also perpetuated "discrimination" because "the poor and the less fortunate serve in Vietnam out of all proportion to their numbers in the United States as a whole."

Even as some of those close to the President are worrying about the prospect of a mobilized opposition to him within the party, Mr. Johnson is said to believe that his particular interpretation of his role as party leader will be vindicated, along with those who support him, at the polls in November. He has begun holding meetings to lay plans for the part he will play in the campaign. But it is unlikely to be a very noticeably partisan-minded one. He will campaign for what he likes to call "a party for all Americans." A lot will be riding on the outcome. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Johnson the nonpartisan party leader is bringing off yet another brilliant maneuver or is persisting in a miscalculation of the party's relevance to his aims—one that has cost him dear in the past.

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Showdown in Danang

DENIS WARNER

DANANG

UNTIL the morning of May 11, Lieutenant Nguyen Quang Anh was the sole commander of Quang Dien, one of the more difficult and dangerous districts in Thua Thien Province, of which the old imperial city of Hué is the capital. The lieutenant, who had a reputation for energy and efficiency, was also known to be a member of VNQDD, the Vietnam Nationalist Party, which has long been established in the provinces of central Vietnam. The party's origins go back some forty years, as do those of the old Indochina Communist Party, and the bitterness of the conflict between the two has in no way been soothed by time or the Communists' ascendancy.

Anh had fought the Vietcong tirelessly and well. To Americans who knew him and worked with him, he was very much the right man in the right place. Their opinion, however, was not shared by the monks in Tu Dam Pagoda in Hué and the Buddhist People's Revolutionary Struggle Committee, the co-ordinating authority for all the forty-eight Students', Workers', and other Struggle Committees in the province. The Struggle Movement decided he had to go, but the Ministry of the Interior in Saigon, which must approve all changes of officials at provincial and district levels, came to his defense.

In the Vietnamese manner, a compromise was arranged: Lieutenant Anh should take ten days' vacation. Returning to his post after several days, the lieutenant found that the vacation was simply an expedient way of easing him out and his successor in. But with the continued backing of the Ministry of the Interior, he decided to hold fast.

Resisting Pagoda Control

On May 10, under orders from General Phan Xuan Nhuan, commander of the First Division of the South Vietnamese Army with headquarters at Hué, two companies surrounded Quang Dien and sent a detachment into town to pick up the ammunition of Anh's unit. The following morning, the province chief, a former First Division chief of staff, flew to Quang Dien by helicopter with Anh's replacement as district chief, a Struggle Movement member. Prudently, Anh did not put in an appearance for the handover ceremonies. Next day, however, when the troops had been removed, he reappeared in Quang Dien with the support of VNQDD regional and popular forces, presumably intent on reasserting his authority.

The end of the tale of Anh's private resistance movement cannot yet be told, for this little crisis has been lost in the major upheavals since May 15, when Premier Nguyen Cao Ky, with the backing of most of the military Directory, flew two battalions of South Vietnamese marines to Danang and seized the city. The point of the story lies not in its ending but in the fact that it was typical of a hundred similar incidents that finally pushed the government into action. Here and there in central Vietnam, men like Anh held out steadfastly against what they regarded as pagoda control, but the erosion of the central government's authority was nevertheless continuing in a way and at a rate that threatened to isolate and ultimately eliminate all officers and officials who placed national loyalties above regional or religious considerations.

For example, General Ton That Dinh, who had been sent to the First Corps in central Vietnam to regain from the Buddhists control for Saigon over the military chain of command, was suspected of plotting a coup d'état with his predecessor, General Nguyen Chanh Thi, whose dismissal by Premier Ky in March set off the uprising. General Nhuan, commander of the First Division, openly sided with the Struggle Movement, and junior officers with Buddhist Struggle Movement affiliations were giving orders to their seniors who lacked such connections.

In Quang Tri, Thua Thien, and Quang Nam, the three northernmost provinces in South Vietnam which include the critical base at Danang and the military approaches from North Vietnam along the 17th parallel, the Struggle Committees worked successfully to consolidate the gains they had made in March and April by demonstrations, coercion, and force. The militant Buddhist leader Thich Tri Quang had given his pledge to the United States embassy to abandon demonstrations and overt means of struggle, and

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he kept his word. Students began to go back to school and the University of Hué was planning to reopen its doors. Even the "suicide squads," as 250 students trained as shock troops by the First Division liked to call themselves, put away their weapons and began to concentrate on their studies.

There were incidents, of course, but these were mostly small. In Hué, where Catholics number nearly a third of the 105,000 population, Buddhist youths tried to break through the barricades that demarcate the Catholic quarter. On another occasion a Nationalist was attacked in the streets of Hué by a gang of Buddhist youths. He held them off while he fell back, calling for help, on the police station. The police, knowing the identity of the victim and his assailants, stood and watched while the gang beat him up with bicycle chains.

Such incidents were the exception, however. Generally the extension of the Struggle Movement's authority followed more peaceful but not less effective lines. In Danang, Dr. Nguyen Van Man, the engaging thirty-seven-year-old mayor who returned to Vietnam from France only three years ago, had the military support of two South Vietnamese Ranger battalions that had defected from the government during the March-April disturbances and was in process of creating his own defense units for use, as he told me, against the Vietcong. But these were intended to have other uses too.

"My idea," he said, "is to create a good strong local government. The government in Saigon can't beat the Vietcong. The people must do that. When people are hopeful, when they believe in the future, things will be all right. But we must be vigilant. The Struggle Committee is quiet because it wants to wait and see. If the government keeps its promises there will be no trouble."

To the question whether the Struggle Movement was anti-American, Mayor Man replied, "We aren't anti-American but only anti the American policy of delaying the election." That the Americans had in fact come out in favor of the election did not faze Man a bit. If nothing else was available as a stick to beat the Americans, they could be accused of insincerity. Yet Man, to give him his due, was a good mayor. Almost singlehandedly he led the striking dock workers back to work, eliminated rackets in the sale of goods, and even reorganized Danang's traffic. His opponents called him a Communist, but two months before he had been a firm supporter of General Thi, who was and still is bitterly anti-Communist.

Infiltrating the Movement

Nearby in Quang Nam's provincial capital of Hoi An, a picturesque river town set against a backdrop of mountains, there was no government at all early in May. During the March-April crisis the Struggle Committee had kidnapped and imprisoned the province chief, a thirty-year-old graduate in philosophy from Michigan State University named Chi, who was subsequently released to return to Saigon. With Buddhist approval, his place had been taken by a fifty-seven-year-old named Ba, a former member of Ngo Dinh Diem's secret Can Lao Party, at first glance a most curious appointment. Demoted for his support of Diem, Ba was taking no risks now. Calling himself acting-acting province chief, he declined to occupy either the official residence or offices of the province chief, to use the Mercedes that went with the job, or to perform any functions of office.

During March and April, army trucks often went deep into Vietcong areas from Hoi An to load up with recruits for the Buddhist demonstrations. The Vietcong freely circulated in the villages where the government's pacification plan had high priority and warned villagers against any further collaboration with Saigon. When they left, they also took along with them most of the available young men and women. "Quang Nam's pacification project has become a sort of Vietcong-dependent aid area financed by the Americans," said one U.S. official. "We've even found a letter written from a mother inside the area to her son with the Vietcong telling him not to worry about her, that she's being looked after just fine and he can cheerfully get on with the fighting."

The Vietcong infiltrated the Buddhist Struggle Movement wherever possible and provided banners and slogans during the demonstrations. Afterwards, more to show their military presence than with serious intent, they occasionally opened fire. When I spent a night in Hoi An with some friends, three mortar shells landed close by about dusk and an hour or so later there were some bursts of small-arms fire. Although my hosts and I slept with guns beside our beds, no one believed there was any real likelihood of attack. The gunfire was simply a reminder to the town and nothing more.

North from Hoi An and Danang, the power and prestige of the Struggle Movement became more and more apparent. In remote Quang Tri Province, just south of the 17th parallel, the response to the initial fervor of the Struggle Movement came slower than in the rest of the region but lasted longer. Not until April 26 did the province chief, a Buddhist and Struggle Movement supporter who is also one of only two civilian province chiefs in Vietnam, order that anti-government and anti-American slogans prominently displayed around the province be replaced by slogans attacking the Vietcong. Many were still in evidence when the second phase of the Struggle Movement unrest began with the seizure of Danang by Saigon marines. Also grimly apparent, according to Australian advisers working in Quang Tri Province, was a new immunity for North Vietnamese infiltrators. "They're coming in straight across the demilitarized zone and south through Quang Tri in battalion-sized units," I was told. "They don't have to worry about hiking through Laos and along the Ho Chi Minh Trail now."

With at least thirty-two main-force Vietcong North Vietnamese battalions already in the First Corps area and South Vietnamese forces face to face in an embryonic civil war, the new possibilities for Vietcong exploitation, both political and military, can scarcely be exaggerated.

Yet what is happening is more a Greek tragedy than a modern melodrama with readily identifiable good guys and bad guys. Sweltering in the heat of summer, Hué is also sweltering with indignation against

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the Saigon government and many aspects of American policy. Though there are many who dislike the Struggle Movement's threats and the coercion that drove them into the streets to demonstrate—and though even Struggle Movement members themselves admit to Communist penetration and exploitation—Hué suffers from a deep sense of injustice which in the short run helps the Struggle Movement and in the long run promises successes for the Vietcong.

Of Chicks and Chickens

Many of the complaints are economic. The rapid American military buildup prevented a Vietcong takeover a year ago, but the influx of free-spending American troops has had an inflationary effect on prices that affects almost everyone. "Let me give you an example," said one neutral observer of the Hué scene. "Americans like to eat fresh chicken and they've paid such prices for chickens on the local market that Vietnamese are forced to buy American canned chicken pushed out on the black market from the quartermaster stores."

The argument against American procurement of local foodstuffs is indeed strong. There is equally good reason in a xenophobic society such as this to restrict G.I. spending in rest and recreation areas. Prostitution, for instance, has become a major industry. In a fairly long and not very puritanical life, much of it spent in the demoralizing atmosphere of war, I have never seen anything to match the proliferation of prostitution in Vietnam in the past twelve months.

"Twenty-five per cent of the Struggle Committee's grievances are completely legitimate," an American in Hué conceded. "These students are sincere when they say the war is totally demoralizing the country and destroying its culture and that we are responsible for it." "It was an act of insanity to get rid of General Thi," said a second. "Thi was anti-Communist and had a big popular following. All this did was to push anti-Communists and Communists together."

The second act of insanity was to replace General Ton That Dinh with General Huynh Van Cao, a Catholic and former member of the Can Lao Party, who is widely regarded as anti-Buddhist.

Cao showed courage in going to Hué as soon as he was appointed First Corps commander. But a shooting incident on May 17, in which an American gunner in a helicopter carrying Cao from Hué killed a Vietnamese officer who had fired on the craft with his .45, may yet prove to be the same sort of consolidation point for the Struggle Movement in Hué as the incident that united the Buddhists there on May 8, 1963. Then eight demonstrators died outside the radio station, setting off the campaign that eventually led to the overthrow of the Diem régime.

Who Speaks for the Movement?

The Struggle Movement itself, like many other social revolutions, contains many disparate and fundamentally contradictory groups brought together because they share certain beliefs and aspirations. It is united by Buddhism and by the conviction that the war cannot be won with the present policy. Beyond these common denominators, the movement appears to be divided into three distinct groups.

The first group is led by Bui Tuong Huan, rector of Hué University, and Hieu Chan, a former editor. It is vigorously anti-Communist and, though critical of American policies and tactics, is not anti-American. It has close relations with the military, including General Thi, but believes essentially that only an active Buddhist presence in every village will defeat the Vietcong.

The second group includes prominent student leaders and Le Tuyen, a close friend of Huan and a member of the faculty of Hué University. The Catholics in Hué accurately call Le Tuyen the political commissar of the movement and less accurately call him a Communist. This group is anti-American and, unlike the first, does not hope for a military victory but only to create as quickly as possible a Buddhist base that will provide some strength for eventual negotiations with the National Liberation Front.

The third group wants to end the war as quickly as possible. It is anti-American but not anti-Communist. Its members include nationalists and ultranationalists as well as Communists. One of its members is Hoang Phu Ngoc Tuong, a teacher at Quoc Hoc High School where Ho Chi Minh, Pham Van Dong, and many other revolutionaries received their early education. About the only insight I gleaned into Tuong's outlook when I spoke to him at the school was his inquiry whether I was a friend of the Australian Communist Wilfred Burchett. Another member of the same group is Le Van Hoa, professor of cultural pedagogy at Hué University, and possibly Thich Tri Quang, who hovers, so one of his acquaintances said, between Groups 2 and 3.

These two groups represent the more active and potentially more violent element of the movement. They run Radio Hué, whose tone during the March-April crisis was violently anti-American. They have been the first to move into the villages and hamlets to begin the election campaign and they reacted with the greatest anger when the marines seized Danang. In Saigon there was a good deal of optimism among members of the military Directory because the seizure of Danang had gone so smoothly; in Hué there was an equal amount of consternation. Twice in one day Tri Quang appealed to the Americans to intervene against the government. Asked why Americans should intervene on this occasion when two weeks before he had warned them to keep out of Vietnamese internal affairs, he replied, "This is different."

IN FACT, there was little the United States could do other than to counsel the government against pushing a military attack against Hué, which in any event was not in the Directory's plans. Confident that with Danang secure and the government's prestige restored all would soon be well again, the Directory planned to let the Struggle Movement in Hué wither on the vine. It is an enticing but highly improbable thought. One can only sympathize with the government in seeking to quell the revolt in the center, but the Buddhists, to judge by the past experience, are infinitely patient and seem to thrive on repression.

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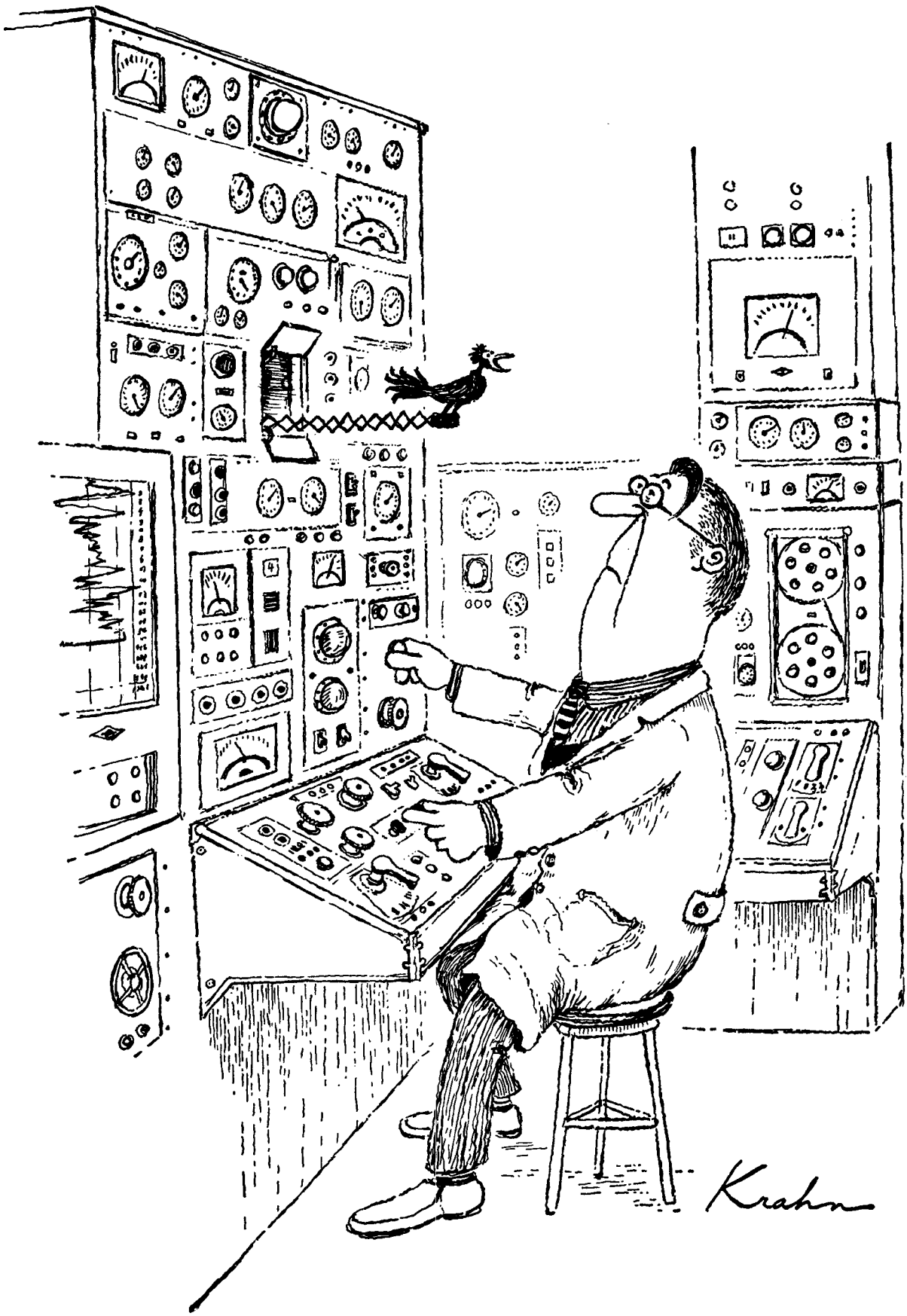

By Fernando Krahn

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The Dominican Republic Goes to the Polls

PAUL D. BETHEL

SANTO DOMINGO

As the Dominican Republic moves toward presidential elections on June 1, the changes wrought by the past year of revolution and foreign intervention become more sharply defined. Some of them—the change of leadership and the beginnings of reform in the army—are all to the good. Others, and especially the increasingly effective organization of the Communist and extremist groups, could spell further trouble. One plus factor, widely remarked on by those I interviewed here, is the gradual recognition by many Dominicans that the presence of United States and Latin-American troops of the Inter-American Peace Force is not as onerous as they at first thought or as leftist slogans would have them believe. Now beneath the omnipresent "Yankee Go Home" signs one sometimes sees a painted postscript: "If You Go, Take Me With You!"

I was repeatedly told that foreign troops will probably have to stay on for a time after the elections, and that despite their assertions to the contrary, the three major candidates welcome their stabilizing presence. According to an official American observer, Juan Bosch, the Dominican Revolutionary Party (PRD) candidate, "will be the first to ask the IAPF to stay on"; and indeed he has already on one or two occasions called on the peace-keeping force for protection against real or imaginary threats of assassination.

As Provisional President Héctor García Godoy put it to me, "Maybe history will say that this interlude helped us break with the past and start with a new future for the Dominican nation." He believes that his countrymen are experiencing "a great mental change . . . the realization that social, economic, and institutional change is attainable." As for his own role, he said that he was brought in to "bridge a gap between the old way and the new future" and he had been trying to do just that. The National Palace and various ministries now had people of both sides, "former enemies," working together. He had been called a rightist by the extreme Left and a leftist by the extreme Right. He added with a smile, "That is precisely where I want to be—in the middle." One thing he seemed certain of in the last week of April was that the country was heading for free elections. "And that," he said, "is a very big step." Three weeks later Juan Bosch, the odds-on candidate to win, threatened publicly to withdraw himself and his party from the race unless guaranteed protection against harassment and intimidation by the army. Two days later he withdrew the threat.

Whoever wins the June 1 elections, if indeed they take place at all, will have to deal not only with the staggering economic and social problems that have always beset the Dominican Republic but also with the changes that have occurred in government, as indicated by President García Godoy, and even more important, in the labor unions, the army, and the police, the sectors that provide the most powerful leverage for action and control in this disorganized country.

Joaquín Balaguer is a mild-mannered professorial type who returned from exile in New York last year as candidate of the right-of-Center Reformist Party. Although he was made a puppet President by Generalissimo Trujillo in 1960, he cooperated in the expulsion of the Trujillos after the dictator was assassinated in 1961, and is not considered to have shared in the brutalities of the Trujillo era. He is best remembered for his reckless raising of wages and lowering of prices, his gifts of cars to taxi drivers, and other crowd-pleasing gestures, a course continued during Bosch's brief régime, when industrial salaries rose forty-five per cent over 1961. Balaguer is popular in the countryside and with the army and business community. He is in favor of taking labor out of politics and government out of state-run enterprises, and is expected to pick up support from the followers of the third candidate, another ex-President, Rafael Bonnelly, a conservative who is given no chance to win.

Juan Bosch has reason for hesitation and doubts. His greatest support today, as it was in the election of 1962 in which he won a sweeping victory, lies among the workers of the cities and the state-owned sugar plantations. Now, it would seem, he is not so certain of being able to control his allies on the Left. In his campaign he has been at pains to disassociate himself publicly from

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his extreme Left supporters and, according to well-informed observers here, has been shocked to find out what inroads Communists have made even in the PRD labor affiliates. He recently told one American reporter that the Communists had risen in number from seven hundred to twelve thousand during his two years in exile. He attributed the increase to the U.S. intervention.

One western diplomat claims bluntly that Bosch recently told him, "Frankly, I don't want to be President." Even Bosch's own party takes his threat to pull out seriously. Former PRD theoretician Angel Miolán, who broke with Bosch last fall after labeling him a demagogue and was read out of the party, has been urging certain PRD members to be ready to come up with another candidate in the event of Bosch's withdrawal. Together with Buenaventura Sánchez, Bosch's former Minister of Education, he is actively campaigning against a Bosch election.

Dangerous Liaisons

The labor vote is all-important in the June elections, and Bosch is the only candidate in sight who can capture it. What worries foreign diplomats, as well as many knowledgeable Dominicans, is the compromises Bosch has made with Communists and extremists in order to assure himself of that vote. The history of his complex dealings with the extreme Left dates back to what is known as the Pact of Río Piedras, after the residential section in which Bosch lived in San Juan, Puerto Rico, during his exile. In December of 1964, Bosch conferred there with leaders of his own party and with those of the Social Christian Revolutionary Party (PRSC). According to information made available by U.S. officials, the purpose of the conference was to work out plans for the overthrow of the civilian junta under Donald Reid Cabral, re-establish constitutional government, and reinstate Bosch in the presidency. The pact was signed in February, two months before last year's revolt. Leaders of the Castroite 14th of June Movement (1J4) demanded partnership in the pact but were turned down by Bosch as being too closely identified with the Communists.

It was agreed, however, that the 1J4 leaders would be kept advised of developments and serve as the informal link between the pact signatories and the two Dominican Communist Parties, one oriented toward Peking, the other toward Moscow. In return Bosch could count on the militant youth of the 1J4 to join in the overthrow of the Reid Cabral government. What other commitments were made at that time is not known. But it is considered significant that in April of this year, when Bosch publicly rejected the support of the 1J4 movement in the coming elections, he was promptly accused of bad faith. On May 2 Rafael "Fafa" Taveras, the leader of the movement, issued a release which was read over Santo Domingo Radio Continental. In it he charged that neither Bosch nor the PRD had complied with their "promises" to the movement's political committee. Nonetheless, while running its own slate, the 1J4 remains pledged to vote for Bosch as President. The two Communist Parties have also pledged their support.

Bosch's alliance with the PRSC is also worrisome to many observers. According to some of them, the PRSC, and in particular its labor arm, CASC, is closely associated with and influenced by the Communists. Others go no further than to say that the PRSC is no friend of the United States. This is certainly true of CASC, an affiliate of CLASC, the Latin-American Confederation of Christian Unions. Back in March of 1965, for example, the national committee of the PRSC joined the 1J4 and the Communist Dominican Students' Federation (FED) in staging a wildcat strike at the privately owned La Romana sugar mill, the most efficient in the vital sugar economy of the country. CASC slogans during the strike were heavily larded with charges of "reactionary plots by imperialists." In this vein CASC was echoing the ideology of its parent organization. Both groups proclaim that their opposition to Communism is second to their opposition to "Yankee imperialism." Speaking over the rebel-held Radio Santo Domingo on June 20 last year, Henry Molina, secretary general of CASC, attacked the "traitors to the fatherland" and declared that "Even when the modern automatic weapons of Yankee imperialism are used to destroy the citizens of the nation, we will die with honor. . . ."

THE INTRICATE and ambiguous character of Bosch's relations with Dominican labor and the extreme Left came to a test in the general strike which he called in early February and which lasted for eight days. Contributing to the immediate impetus of the strike was a struggle for control of the University of Santo Domingo, which served to reinforce a widespread demand from the Left for the expulsion of right-wing generals from the country. Led by 1J4 militants, including members of the general secretariat of the Student Federation, pro-Communist students and professors seized control of the University of Santo Domingo just before its scheduled opening last fall. Rector José Ramón Baéz López Penha and the university's governing council were ousted, and a 1J4 member, Andrés Aybar Nicolás, was installed as acting rector along with four student representatives, a professor, and two vice rectors—all pro-Communist. When García Godoy refused to recognize them and the government subsidy continued to be paid to the legitimate rector, an impasse developed at the university that continued from October into February. On February 9, Student Federation members, eight hundred strong, marched in a body to the Presidential Palace, shouting anti-American slogans and accusing the army of having seized university funds. Following a melee in which five persons were killed by police and a policeman was clubbed by a mob and then covered with gasoline and burned to death, tensions in the city reached the breaking point.

By this time the PRD had decided to call a general strike aimed at forcing the government to dismiss three rightist generals (eight generals had already left the country) and send them out of the country. According to diplomatic sources, Bosch already knew that Armed Forces Minister General Francisco Rivera Caminero had agreed to leave, and was hoping to win the credit for his departure.

The strike committee, composed of five members of his PRD, included

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no labor-union members. Labor support was essential, however, and once again Bosch turned to the extreme Left for help—to CASC and to the leaders of FOUPSA, a union once controlled by his own party but now dominated by the Communists. Once again, as at Río Piedras, he suggested that the PRD should take sole leadership in order to avoid the taint of Communist influence.

There is no question that FOUPSA is now being run by the Communists. On August 28 last year, when the rebels were still in command of their sector of downtown Santo Domingo, the Communists succeeded in ousting the PRD leaders of the union and captured eight of the twelve positions on its executive board. The president of FOUPSA at the time, a faithful Bosch man named Miguel Soto, was isolated by the Communist coup and responded by accusing the secretary general of the union, Julio de Peña Váldez, who is a member of the 1J4, of having made a trip behind the Iron Curtain. Soto followed up his counteroffensive in a paid advertisement that appeared in the Dominican press in September, charging that control of FOUPSA had passed into the hands of "those who take orders from Moscow." On December 17 Soto, together with the vice president of FOUPSA, Marcos de Vargas, also a PRD man, was kicked out of the union or, as other reports have it, was ordered out by Bosch. All this led to the curious situation that when de Peña Váldez, in February, agreed to call out FOUPSA in response to the general strike, he was taking his orders from Miguel Soto, whom Bosch had named president of his strike committee.

Strike Coalition

One aspect of the strike, which lends support to the view that the PRSC is increasingly dominated by extremists, is the role played by the Labor Ministry and in particular by Vice Minister Herardio Paniagua, a leading member of the PRSC.

Shortly before the strike call, Paniagua in a conversation at the Ministry with a western diplomat stationed in the capital declared that he was in favor of the strike. With apparent knowledge of what was to come, he said the strike

"would be a success because the government employees would join." Fifteen minutes after the conversation, according to this diplomat, all employees at the Ministry of Labor itself had vacated their posts, and as the strike spread throughout the city of Santo Domingo, other government departments began to shut down.

The easy accommodation of apparently conflicting principles among members of the leftist coalition may be summed up this way: Bosch called the strike, the Ministry of Labor gave its tacit approval, de Peña Váldez provided the full support of FOUPSA and the federation of government employees (FENEPIA), which it controls, CASC joined in, and the strike was on. Significantly, government employees were paid in full for the time they were absent from their jobs despite the fact that the Labor Code forbids walkouts, as does a decree signed by Provisional President García Godoy last November. The record shows that government offices in the capital have been shut down by FENEPIA walkouts fifteen times in the last seven months. Apart from a few independent locals, the only union refusing to join the strike was CONATRAL. This is a nonpolitical union that reflects the training and philosophy of the American Institute of Free Labor Development, an organization created with AFL-CIO support and direction to assist the development of trade unionism in Latin America. CONATRAL issued a statement opposing the strike on the grounds that it did nothing for the worker or the economy.

Another episode that troubles friends of PRSC was Paniagua's appointment of Juan Matos Rivera to the post of Director of Social and International Relations of the Labor Ministry. According to U.S. intelligence reports, Matos Rivera was trained in Cuba's guerrilla camps and took part in the Castroite uprising in the Dominican mountains in the fall of 1963. Deported, he went to France, where he was met by French Communists, given money and an apartment, enrolled in courses at the Sorbonne, and sent on a free trip behind the Iron Curtain. He turned up during last year's revolt in charge of a rebel *comando*. Early this year Matos Rivera switched from the 14th of June Movement to the PRSC and is now functioning as secretary general of the party in Santo Domingo while still holding his post in the Ministry of Labor. He is also running for Congress in the coming elections.

On the third day of the strike, General Rivera Caminero did leave, after first watching the swearing in of General Enrique Pérez y Pérez as his successor. The two remaining generals against whom the strike had been aimed were kicked upstairs to positions of Deputy Minister, and by presidential order relieved of their commands. On February 17 Bosch called off the strike, having ostensibly gained his ends. But his maneuvers before and during the strike and the political compromises that attended them have reinforced the opinion of many that Juan Bosch and his PRD, in the words of one western diplomat in Santo Domingo, still have not learned their lesson.

Urban Guerrillas

During the strike, both OAS and U.S. officials and military officers were impressed by the highly effective terrorist attacks, which suggested that the Communists had greatly improved their military organization. When violence was extended into the downtown area of Santo Domingo, riflemen and machine gunners, flanked by grenade throwers, stationed themselves on balconies overlooking the city's nar-

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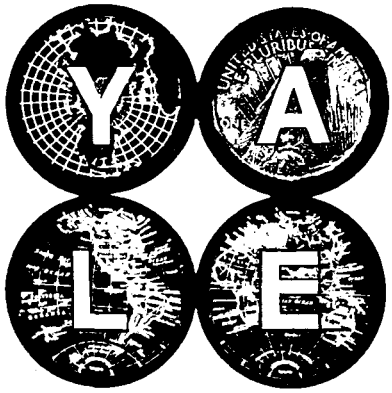

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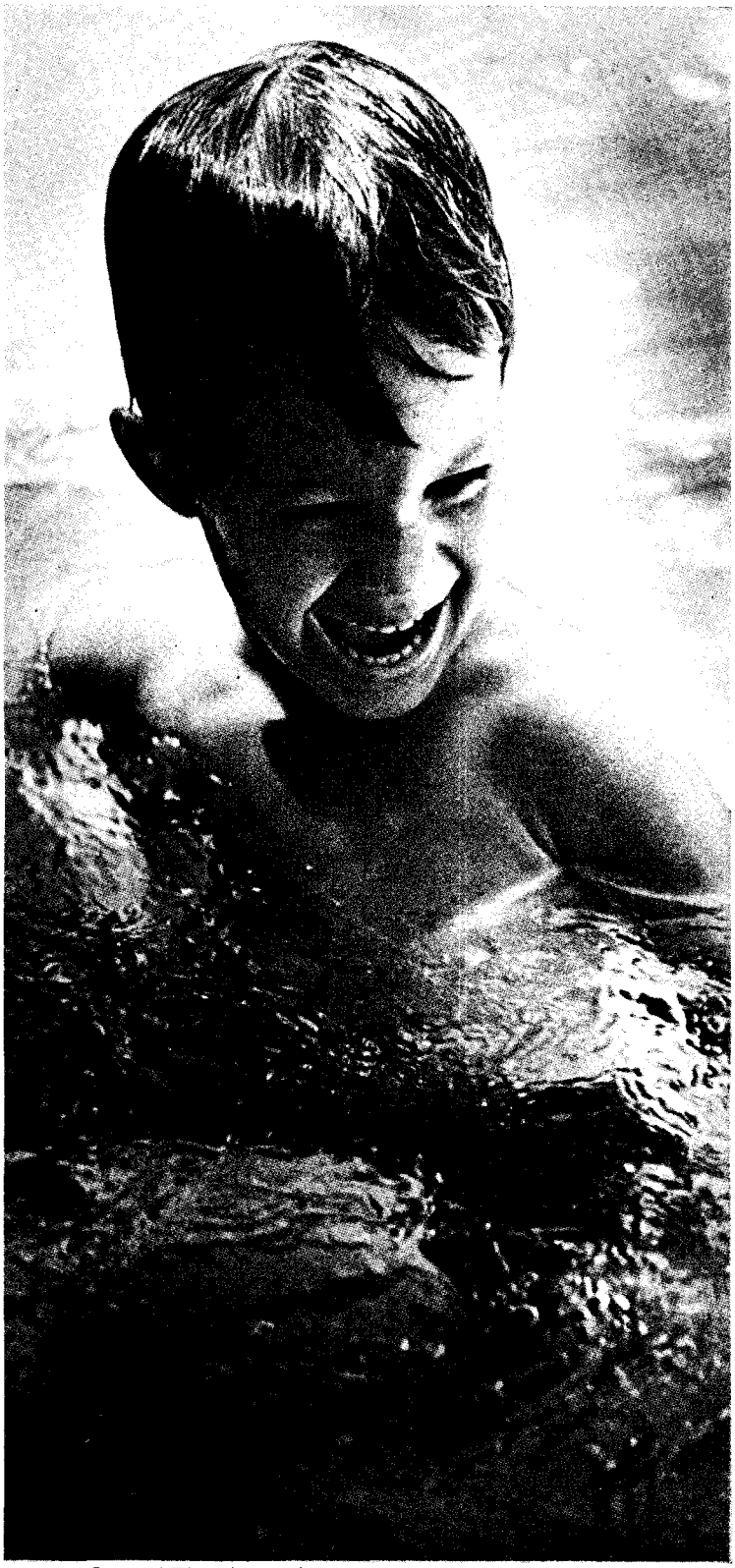

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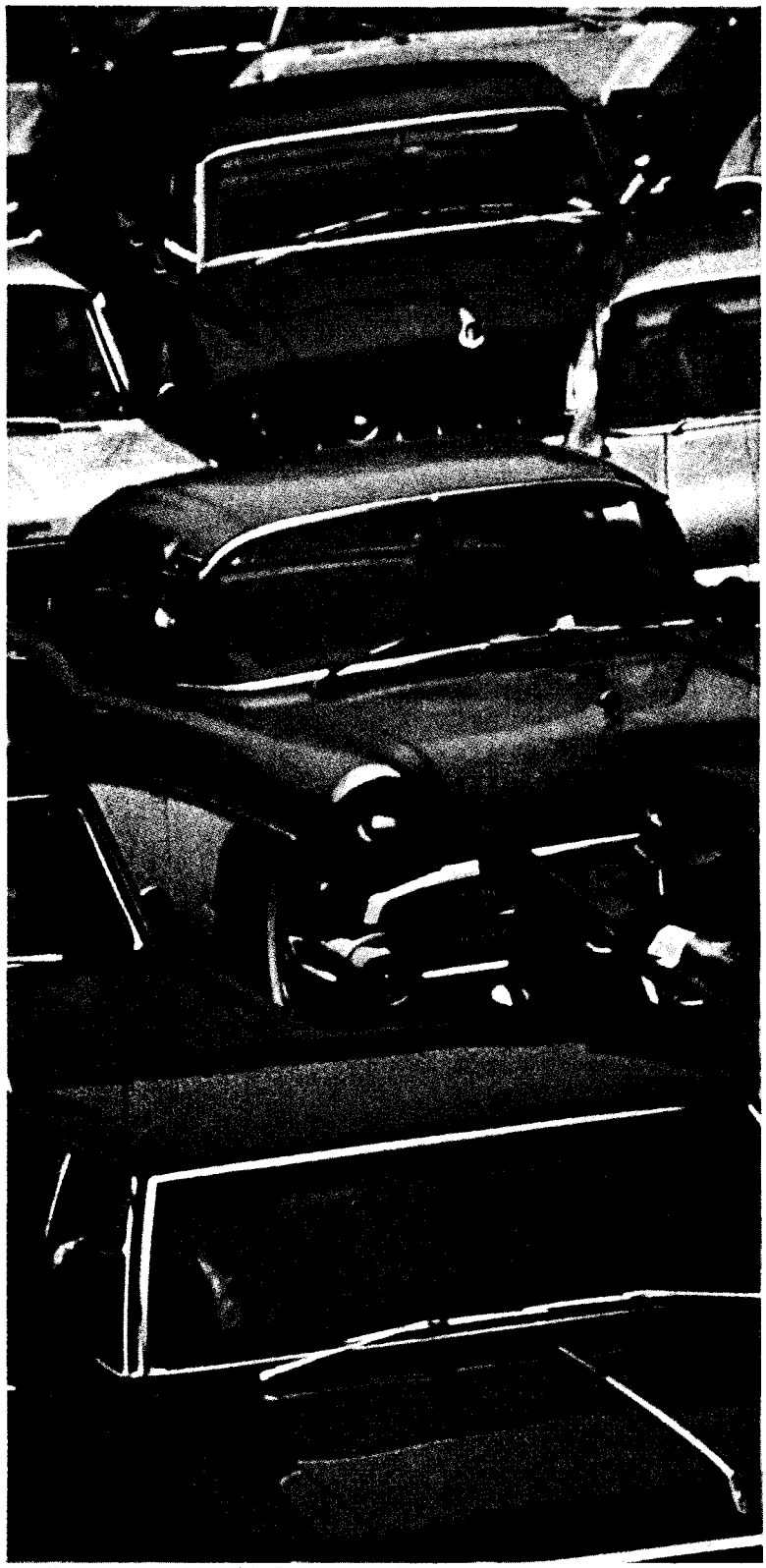

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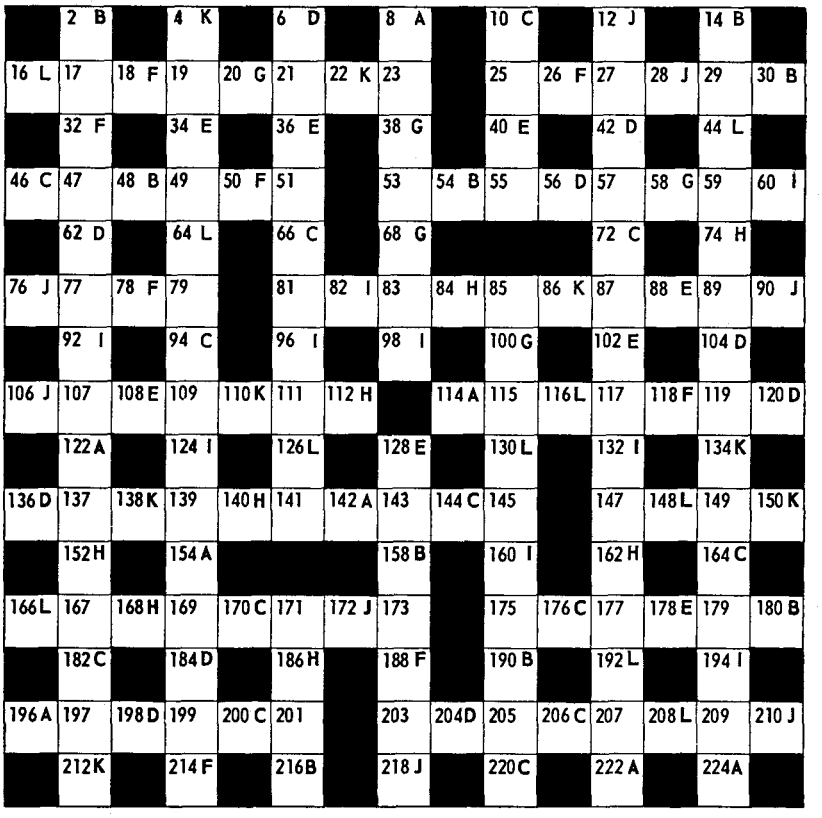
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No.148

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
196 224 114 154 222 122 142 8 Prophet noted for gloom.

B
190 14 30 2 48 158 180 54 216 Town in central Thailand.

C
46 66 176 164 220 170 206 200 144
182 94 72 10 Performed a certain aeronautic stunt (6,3,4).

D
6 198 42 184 56 120 136 62 204
104 First three words of the motto of Constantine (2,3,5).

E
108 128 102 40 178 36 34 88 Choice for breakfast? (3,2,3).

F
78 32 18 26 188 50 118 214 "The virtuous mind, that ever walks _____." Milton, "Comus."

G
100 68 58 20 38 Something out of the ordinary.

H
162 84 74 168 112 186 152 140 Danish law in ancient England (incorrect, but listed in Webster).

I
60 194 98 92 160 124 96 132 82 A dining hall.

J
210 90 218 106 28 12 76 172 A sense organ and its function (3,2,3).

K
212 22 150 138 4 110 86 134 Damaged woof (4,4).

L
126 16 130 148 64 44 208 166 116
192 How a Norman lord might have addressed a serf (5,5).

ACROSS

16. Heard as simile for still, but how the bishopric is (2,3,3).
25. Recover when a British soldier loses a penny.
46. Adore a pound in the Texas city.
53. Find the record finished.
76. Grew old and swore about it!
81. Vehicle for the Acrostician (2,4,4).
106. Clover which may stymie a tree?
114. Notices magazines.
136. Wear a rain hat with tea? Not in a certain region (2,4,4).
147. An upset new-born horse may act in a lazy manner.
166. Has the dare been taken in the Scottish city?
175. Get the crag free of it. It's hot.
196. Jinxes of Biblical fame.
203. Nice about Stan, in this case.

DOWN

2. Kind of wind for one under the influence? (1,10,4).
4. Where you can't drive farther (3,3,2,3,4).
6. Does Agent 001 sit most readily when it's over-wet? (2,3,5).
8. Fended away when the inner fold is broken (4,3).
10. Kind of golfers found in ship rosters.
12. Fancy of young scholarly maidens with a bunch of paper last (10,5).
14. Humiliated or partially disassembled? (5,4,1,5).
85. SENSX AUT IC? This is such imprecise mode of Latin (7,3).
128. Knot for Ma's ma.
171. Direction the seas took.

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row streets. As Inter-American Peace Force vehicles passed below, grenades were thrown, thirty-second bursts were fired, and the terrorists disappeared by prearranged routes into the night. A resident of the city told me, "It was just like the revolt last year."

According to the best U.S. intelligence estimates, there are about twenty action groups operating in Santo Domingo today as civilian-clad urban guerrillas. Many more have been sent to cities and towns of the interior. There is no question that they are amply supplied with weapons. An American general told me that only about 150 arms were recovered following the cessation of hostilities last year. The size of the urban units runs from twelve to twenty-five men, depending on mission and location. Since last December, according to intelligence reports, about a dozen new Communist leaders have slipped into the country from Cuba. Many are Dominicans, but there are also Uruguayans, Chileans, and others well trained in Cuban guerrilla camps. They do not seem to have any difficulty getting into the country. Possibly owing to García Godoy's policy of integrating rebels into the government because "they learn a sense of participation in national affairs and the need to put national unity above narrow-minded views," a number of immigration and customs posts have been parceled out to former rebels.

In any event, the performance of urban terrorists last February was much too successful to suit the Inter-American Peace Force. Armed with weapons up to and including .50-caliber machine guns, they demonstrated their ability to outgun the police, who are supplied only with small side arms. "A police force," said one U.S. military adviser, "is supposed to walk a beat, take care of robberies, and similar police work. What happened here in February is a job for the army."

The situation has improved greatly since a new police chief, Colonel José de Jesus Morillo Lopez was appointed in February. Colonel Morillo is tough and has produced results. In trying to efface the reputation for brutality that the police have had since the Trujillo era, he has launched what seems to be an effective civic-action and public-relations campaign. Morillo can use some face lifting, for he was associated with Francisco Caamaño Deñó while both were serving under Trujillo. Morillo refused to join Caamaño during the revolt, and the two former comrades wound up on opposite sides. Few doubt that, regardless of who is elected President in June, Colonel Morillo would like to keep his job. For the time being, he is doing that job, according to President García Godoy and the Americans who are assisting in the police training, with efficiency and intelligence.

Only the army, however, is equipped to deal with the urban guerrilla threat. Here the United States, with the approval of the OAS and President García Godoy, is doing what it can to train Dominican Army units in riot control. Said one official: "García Godoy has now come to realize that constant concessions to anti-military sentiment merely feed mob appetites. He also realizes that without law and order and stability, there can be no economic or social reforms."

For its part, the army has promised to honor the election results. Efforts to get the army out of politics may now have a better chance than ever before, U.S. officials believe. Balaguer can get along with the generals, and even Bosch has talked with the new army chief, General Enrique Pérez y Pérez. But the incoming President must, it is generally agreed, cut back the oversized military and police forces, which now number thirty-seven thousand men. "How it is done—gradually or precipitately—is the important thing," said one Dominican leader. Trouble could also ensue if the new President should try to bring back either rightist or leftist military men from exile.

The riot-control training of the Dominican Army is being conducted by the U.S. 82nd Airborne Division. Viewing the role of the Dominican Army realistically as that of an expanded police force equipped to deal with large-scale violence, Americans are training it company by company in a camp located in the mountains. The results, in the view of United States military advisers, can be seen in greater self-confidence and political understanding among the Army leaders and, even more important, in the more sympathetic attitude that the rank-and-file military now display toward the Dominican populace.

To follow up the training, a U.S. lieutenant is assigned to each Dominican company completing the course, a captain is attached to each battalion, and a major to each brigade headquarters. The U.S. officers are forbidden to go into action with the Dominican units. In case of an alert, they report back to their own units. These officers are assigned to Dominican troops, as the camp training officer puts it, "to see that what they have learned is not forgotten."

A perceptive comment was made on the importance of the police and the armed forces by a former Dominican ambassador, now retired: "There are no real institutions here that are rooted in the people. That is Trujillo's legacy. There are no strong civic groups; even the Church is weak here. Why, we don't even have public works programs such as you have in your country to help with unemployment, and the unions have a ready-made explosive to light any time they want to." Another source, a foreign diplomat, said: "The police and the military are the only counterweight that exists to leftist and Communist penetration and turmoil within the unions. If you fail to make that counterweight respected and respectable, you can fold your tents and go home."

The problems that the new President will face are formidable and the resources at his disposal, both human and material, are pitiful. This is what discourages the Americans here who have already begun work on promising social and economic projects looking to the future. It is also what makes the violent anti-Americanism of the Left such a sterile and dangerous doctrine. Until there is a government solidly backed by a popular majority that is willing and able to accept U.S. assistance and put it to good use, the outlook for the Dominican Republic will remain extremely unpromising.

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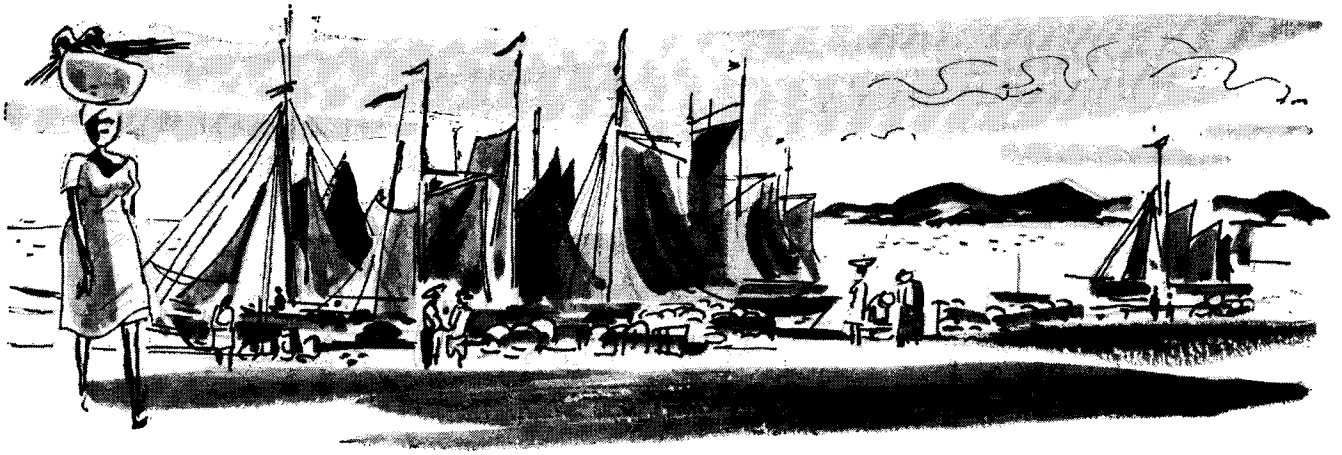

Are We Ready to Intervene in Haiti?

ROBERT DEBS HEINL, JR.

FOR THE FIRST TIME since 1963, when he established himself as President for life, a succession of developments suggests that Dr. François ("Papa Doc") Duvalier's dictatorship in Haiti is at last beginning to crack. If it does, the United States and the Organization of American States will be confronted with problems at least as difficult as any encountered in the Dominican Republic. They will not be helped by the fact that these problems are ones that have long been papered over both by the OAS and U.S. policymakers.

An indication that Washington is concerned over recent events in Port-au-Prince is that the Atlantic Fleet's Ready Amphibious Squadron, the same task force that landed at Santo Domingo, has been on station off Haiti since April 15. When things are quiet in the Caribbean, the squadron—a tenship force that carries an expeditionary unit of about two thousand Marines—conducts routine exercises on the islands of Vieques and Culebra, the amphibious maneuver grounds east of Puerto Rico. But when the squadron breaks training for a cruise, it is usually an indication that trouble is brewing.

At least seventy executions were carried out in April in Port-au-Prince and Cap Haitien, though Duvalier has not yet, as on another occasion, displayed any bullet-shattered corpses on Port-au-Prince's Grand Rue. The infamous jails at Fort Dimanche and the grisly cellars of the National Palace (known locally as the Abattoir) are crammed with hostages of all ages and both sexes. And—a particularly telling storm warning in Latin America—wives of such top Duvalierists as the notorious *tonton-macoute* Eloise Maître have been quietly leaving Haiti for travel abroad and "reasons of health."

Two of Duvalier's foremost hatchet men, Majors Franck Romain and Monod Philippe, have also left town, though for different reasons. They have been abruptly exiled to the provinces, where Philippe, a swaggering sadist, has reportedly disappeared. Their removal from the capital is said to have occurred after Duvalier uncovered a plot against him among his ragamuffin praetorians, the Presidential Guard. An officer, a sergeant, and seven enlisted men were arrested in April; later reports reaching Washington state that as many as thirty conspirators may have been executed. According to the reports, Papa Doc himself conducted the investigation in the interrogation chamber at the National Palace, whose floor and walls are painted brown so as not to show bloodstains.

Climate for a Coup

Early in May, U.S. Ambassador Benson E. L. Timmons III made a hasty and secret trip to Washington for consultation, and has since been directed to remain in Port-au-Prince. Possibly Timmons's visit is related to reports from the U.S. embassy there that senior members of the Duvalier government have recently asked what support they could expect in a coup against the dictator. In any event, during recent weeks Washington has been scanning lists of Haitian exiles, former army officers, and political figures within and outside Haiti, trying to forecast and, it hopes, to influence the composition of the *gouvernement provisoire* (i. e., junta) that normally succeeds a fallen Haitian chief of state.

Duvalier has ruled Haiti since 1957 by a balance of rewards and terror. He and his henchmen have milked the country of millions during the

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past nine years by unbridled corruption, by extracting graft from would-be private investors and foreign concessionaires, by sales (often for thousands of dollars) of visas permitting Haitians to emigrate, and, increasingly, by physical extortion. As pickings have thinned among the small, hard-pressed business community and mulatto elite, Papa Doc has resorted more and more to terror, reserving the take from his extortions to pay off the *tonton-macoute* thugs who are required to hold his organization together and maintain his régime in power.

But there can be only so much to extort in a country like Haiti. It is the poorest nation in the hemisphere, and the only one whose gross national product has failed to increase since 1950. (It has, in fact, decreased.) Haiti's national debt in 1950 was $4.6 million; now it exceeds $45 million. The per capita income is about $70 a year compared to more than $800 in neighboring Puerto Rico. Until almost all aid was cut off in 1963, the United States had pumped more than $43 million into the Duvalier régime. About half of that went into the great Artibonite Valley irrigation project, which U.S. technicians once thought would make it possible for a single valley in this island of mountains to feed all of Haiti's 4.5 million people. The project was never completed and Duvalier is now protesting that he has "no problems with the leader of the free world" and that he would like some more aid, please. Since 1962 U.S. aid has been restricted to malaria control and Food for Peace shipments.

With governmental and even army pay months in arrears, Duvalier is finding it increasingly hard even to pay his fifteen to twenty thousand *tonton-macoutes* and *miliciens* (people's militia), and the régime is coming apart. As a recent English visitor reported, "Unemployment, starvation, and sickness have brought Port-au-Prince to a complete standstill."

This is expected to be a good year for coffee, Haiti's chief crop, but the harvest is six months away. Unless foreign investors like the Haitian-American Sugar Company rescue Duvalier with advance tax payments on sugar and coffee as they did in 1961, his financial prospects are bleak. But foreign investors are fewer and warier today. The international oil companies have long since cut off Duvalier's credit; he must pay cash for every barrel of gasoline.

Reports from recently exiled Haitians that Duvalier is having to dip into his private capital—the Swiss accounts that mask his caches of loot—in order to meet the estimated $250,000 monthly *tonton-macoute* payroll have inspired rumors that he may be planning to step down. It has also been reported in the New York *Herald Tribune* that a Duvalier intermediary has leased a handsome villa in Neuilly, that favorite retreat of Latin exiles on the outskirts of Paris. And Duvalier himself, who has scarcely stepped outside his capital since a trip to Cap Haitien in 1959, has started further rumors in Haiti by announcing that he has accepted an invitation to visit Argentina in July.

Such a trip could have only one meaning, voluntary exile—for every Haitian knows that Duvalier would never be allowed to return. But Papa Doc is a master of the planted rumor. During the crisis of May, 1963, at the time that Duvalier's first legal term of office came to a close (in 1961 he had proclaimed himself re-elected for six years), he booked passage to Algeria, ostensibly to visit Ben Bella, thereby tricking U.S. diplomatic and intelligence agencies, not to mention his Haitian enemies. The conviction that he was about to depart at a critical moment may well have deterred the United States from moving in to unseat his régime. U.S. Marines poised to land were withheld and finally withdrawn. The ruse led incautious Haitians into showing their hands, a mistake that one makes only once with Duvalier. Today, observers who know their man would be astounded if Duvalier ever left Haiti either voluntarily or alive.

Duvalier identifies himself with two predecessors, Jean-Jacques Dessalines and Vilbrun Guillaume Sam, each of whom brutally terrorized the elite *mulâtres*, as Duvalier does, and each of whom met a violent end. It is the conviction of Duvalier watchers that when he goes, it will be feet first in a holocaust. Duvalier himself predicted as much in 1962: "Blood will flow as never before. The land will burn from the north to the south, from the east to the west. There will be no sunrise and no sunset, just one big flame licking the sky. It will be the greatest slaughter of history. There will be a Himalaya of corpses."

Scuttling the Army

If history is any indication, Duvalier's prophecy may well come to pass. Although Haiti is ordinarily a peaceable country, it has been periodically wracked by fearful surges of racial killing: in 1804, when the blacks butchered the French; in 1848, under Faustin-Soulouque; in 1883, when Port-au-Prince was set afire and four thousand *mulâtres* were slaughtered in a single week; and in 1915, when the mulattoes of Port-au-Prince tore President Guillaume Sam to pieces outside the French legation.

Racial hate, misery, hunger, and vengeance have never been greater than they are today. In order to control the propertied mulattoes by fear, Duvalier has inflamed the black peasants with bloodthirsty racism. He has often enjoined his *miliciens:* "If any thing happens to me, kill the *mulâtres* and the whites and burn down their houses." In this he consciously echoes the savage war cry of Dessalines in 1804 against the French: "Chop off their heads! Burn down their houses!"

To make matters worse, Haiti altogether lacks any effective force for maintaining public order: Duvalier has purged, gutted, and demoralized his army and given its weapons to the *tonton-macoutes* and *miliciens.* Really a national gendarmerie that until a few years ago was called the Garde d'Haiti, the army had played an unusual role. It was organized and brought to sharp efficiency during Haiti's 1915-1934 occupation by U.S. Marines, and included many forward-looking, disinterested, and responsible officers. It provided the personnel for rural and urban police and fire-fighting services, rural medical service, national communications, immigration and correctional services, the coast guard, the lighthouse service, the national airline, bridging and road

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repair, and even the only commercial ship-repair facilities in the country. In addition, until Duvalier's time, the Garde was Haiti's fulcrum of public order and stability. My own task in Port-au-Prince, where for five years during Duvalier's legal first term I headed our military mission, was to try to revitalize and sustain this force. But this objective was bitterly opposed by Papa Doc. Distrusting the pro-American orientation, progressive outlook, and political potential of an improved army, he set out to wreck it, and succeeded. Ultimately, almost every American-trained man in the Garde was exiled or murdered. I myself was ordered out of the country by Duvalier in March, 1963, and the U.S. military mission left three months later. What now remains of the army is unfit for any purpose, military or civil.

If the Duvalier régime should collapse soon, the problems of restoring order will be made more difficult by the unpreparedness of Washington—and, most Haitians would add, our embassy in Port-au-Prince. But Haiti, despite its strategic position, has long been neglected in U. S. political planning, mainly because it is small and poor and its problems are complex and intractable. While Cuban exiles coming to this country have been welcome, helped, and encouraged, those from Haiti have gone largely unaided and unnoticed.

Another factor bearing on Washington's policy—or lack of policy—toward Haiti is its continuing preoccupation with the correctness of and necessity for U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic last year. There is little obvious Communist danger in Haiti, even though, to play on U.S. fears, Duvalier (who is fundamentally anti-American) has kept Communists in key posts and maintained Communist ties with Castro and in France. Still, for reasons wholly different from those in Santo Domingo, events in Haiti may cry out for intervention.

Last year, still smarting from the criticism of its failure to consult with the Organization of American States in advance of its Dominican intervention, the United States tried to convince OAS Foreign Ministers of the need for an inter-American peace-keeping force. The inevitability of a crisis in Haiti was privately cited by U.S. diplomats as an example of the urgent necessity of such a force. Still, no such force exists today, largely because the Latin-American OAS representatives felt the move would arouse a political storm in most of their countries. Now some of the same officials assert that there has been no move by the State Department to consult with OAS members about a co-ordinated response to trouble in Haiti. Every Latin-American diplomat with whom I talked thought that it would probably be necessary to intervene when Duvalier fell, and each hoped that this action could be undertaken by the OAS rather than unilaterally by the United States. "But you must prepare the ground," one told me, oblivious of past OAS inertia and foot-dragging. "If you do, we can act in twelve hours."

Why Washington, in view of its present concern with the signs of crisis in Haiti, has not pressed the matter with the OAS is a matter for conjecture. A somewhat cynical view voiced by one OAS ambassador is that the State Department, beset by the far greater problems of the war in Vietnam and the NATO crisis, hopes that Duvalier will hang on for a while. He might well have added that Latin-American nations have generally been indifferent to what happens in Haiti. A State Department officer told me that as far as most members of the OAS were concerned, "Haiti might as well be in Africa, or on the moon—they have no involvement." One Latin-American who does care, however, is Juan Bosch. When I talked last June to the Dominican leader, he fulminated at length against American intervention in the affairs of other nations. "But intervention will be necessary in Haiti when Duvalier goes?" I interjected. "Yes," he replied, "of course."

After the Fall

An encouraging development for Haiti's future is the uniting of the exiles, long in spiteful, recriminatory disarray, in a responsible coalition of groups in New York, Montreal, Chicago, and Washington. Certain figures have lost their political importance. The spent and aging Louis Dejoie, once the hope of the elite, is now on the sidelines in Puerto Rico; scant influence is accorded the rabble-rouser Daniel Fignolé, who issues a slick four-page Communist-line pamphlet in New York with money from undisclosed sources. Those who form "the Coalition" are centrists, such as former President Paul Magloire, Luc Fouché, Robert Bazile, Joseph DeJean, and General Jean-René Boucicaut, the army's last honorable and professional chief of staff. These Haitians are now working intelligently to prepare for the collapse of the Duvalier government. Their morning radio broadcasts in Creole beamed from New York over Station WRUL (known in Port-au-Prince as the "Black Mass") furnish the only competition for Radio Havana's eight daily hours of furiously anti-American propaganda. (The Voice of America is mute, allegedly for lack of funds but possibly from lack of interest too.) The fact that the Coalition has held together for two years, has deliberately limited its objectives, has behaved with self-discipline, and has avoided impractical military adventures gives promise at least of a base of leadership from which a *gouvernement provisoire* can be formed.

To re-establish a viable government in Port-au-Prince, however, will call for more than hasty elections and a crash program of aid. The immediate, overriding problem that will confront Haiti and its would-be helpers is how to demobilize, disarm, control, and ultimately re-educate the many thousand *tonton-macoutes* in whom Duvalier has inculcated violence, banditry, and racism. Even if we or the OAS should intervene, we cannot pursue them through the hills as the Marines did their bandit ancestors, the Cacos of 1918. The force to restore public order throughout Haiti must eventually be Haitian. This means that advance planning for a U.S. or, preferably, OAS role in the rapid rehabilitation of the Garde d'Haiti is imperative. For a new Garde—aside from its role in general reconstruction—is the only organization that could restore public order out of the ashes and anarchy Duvalier will leave behind him.

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Minnesota's Democrats Try to Dump Their Governor

RICHARD STEELE

MINNEAPOLIS

MINNESOTA'S Democratic Farmer Labor Party is in the middle of an unusual intraparty fracas, and one for which its own success is largely responsible. It is trying to dump its incumbent governor, Karl F. Rolvaag. But Rolvaag, against the wishes of influential party leaders, is energetically campaigning to win a nomination for a second term. Meanwhile, with the private encouragement of the same leaders, the party's second-ranking state officeholder, Lieutenant Governor A. M. (Sandy) Keith, is fighting to wrest the party endorsement from him at the DFL's convention on June 17. Neither has emerged as the undisputed top man, and the party can do little more than maintain an embarrassed public silence.

The DFL's bloodletting is distinctive in two ways. First, in violation of a basic ground rule of practical politics, the DFL is slapping about its own titular leader, a man who had surprised his own party by defeating the personable Republican Governor Elmer L. Andersen in the last election. The trouble is that Rolvaag didn't win by enough—a mere ninety-one votes after a four-month recount—and his popularity has been slipping ever since.

Then, the Rolvaag-Keith fight must be seen against two decades of almost unbroken DFL success. The DFL is no ordinary state organization but a remarkable urban-rural coalition, a unique amalgam of liberal intellectuals and agrarian populists. Formed by Hubert H. Humphrey in 1944 from the feuding Democratic and Farmer-Labor Parties, it has since brought to national prominence not only Vice President Humphrey but Senator Eugene J. McCarthy, Secretary of Agriculture Orville L. Freeman, economist Walter W. Heller, and Mrs. Eugenie Anderson, the first woman to be a U.S. envoy in an Iron Curtain country. The DFL holds nearly every important state office. Both U.S. Senators and four of the eight Representatives are members and other party men have taken high Federal appointive jobs in both the Executive and Judicial branches.

Karl Rolvaag made his record as a loyal if unspectacular member of the party hierarchy. In the sixteen years before he became governor, he was twice party chairman, three times an unsuccessful candidate for Congress, and lieutenant governor for four terms. In 1962, when he made it plain he wanted to run for governor against Andersen, the party gave him its blessing. Even then, Keith briefly opposed Rolvaag by urging the party to nominate Walter F. Mondale, then the state's attorney general and now its junior Senator. The attempt collapsed when Mondale refused to go along. But when Rolvaag won by the narrowest of margins, no one was more astonished than the DFL leadership.

ROLVAAG's decline in public favor began soon after he took office, when it became clear that one of his principal campaign issues—charges of Republican misuse of state highway funds—was baseless. Next, Rolvaag claimed that the state stood on the brink of a fiscal crisis because of faulty income estimates by the Republican tax commissioner. The governor's solution was to slash state services. This meant a cut in funds for public schools, and the electorate fumed again. (The cut became doubly damaging when the tax commissioner's estimates turned out to be correct.)

Such incidents by themselves might not turn the voters against a governor, but Rolvaag, a lackluster public speaker and a stumbling television performer, has done an ineffective job of promoting his views and has consistently received low public ratings throughout his term in the Minneapolis *Tribune's* highly reliable Minnesota Poll. Since mid-1964, for example, no more than forty per cent of the people have said they "approved" of him as governor, and in the last such poll he received only thirty-two per cent approval, with fifty-one per cent disapproval.

Party dissatisfaction with Rolvaag has been just as intense. According to annoyed DFL lieutenants in the districts and counties, he botches the little jobs: letters go unanswered, state offices stay vacant for months while the governor vacillates on appointments, attempts to advise him on political or legislative matters are often ignored, and pleas by DFL organizers for his aid in rounding up legislative candidates are rebuffed. (Though on some occasions when Rolvaag has been persuaded to pitch in, candidates rejected his help for fear that he might actually cost them votes.)

Rolvaag can be silly—as he was in April when he petulantly urged

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that Minnesota abolish the office of lieutenant governor, Sandy Keith's job. He can be tactless—as when he proposed a party rally in the Seventh Congressional District within hours of the death of the DFL's popular veteran chairman. He can be aloof on even the most important occasions—as he was recently when one DFL legislative leader was unable to reach him on the day Rolvaag was to announce a special legislative session on reapportionment.

Despite these complaints, DFL leaders carefully maintain that Rolvaag has been a "good" governor, and that he devised and supported a good liberal program: extension of fair-housing and fair-employment laws, increased aid to the elderly, more conservation projects, increases in unemployment compensation, and improvement of correctional programs. He has pressed tirelessly and successfully for improved facilities and increased staffs at hospitals for the mentally ill and mentally retarded. He has campaigned to bring new industry into the state and to encourage plant expansion by existing companies. And after his initial school-fund blunder, he has worked to extend state aid to education, especially in state colleges and junior colleges.

Sour Note at Sugar Hills

Still, to party leaders, Rolvaag the governor has not compensated for Rolvaag the politician and Rolvaag the public man. This was the view held by such high-ranking DFL officers as State Chairman George Farr, First Vice-Chairman Robert Hess, Representative John A. Blatnik, and National Committeewoman Mrs. Geri Joseph. Last summer when forty DFL Executive Committee members met at the comfortable northern Minnesota resort of Sugar Hills for a secret parley, the governor was pointedly excluded. Not even the top party officials realized how widespread and deep-seated the reservations about the governor were. But from all geographical and ideological sections of the party, complaints came thick and fast. As soon as the meeting ended, a party delegation advised Rolvaag that the majority of them thought he could not win and therefore should not run. If there ever was a chance of Karl Rolvaag acceding to this wish (and that is unlikely), it was scuttled when the Minneapolis *Tribune* exploded the tale of the Sugar Hills conference across its front page on a Saturday last September.

From then on, the DFL's internecine fight became public property. The squabble dragged on through the fall and winter, with charges of party dictatorship on the one hand and selfish personal desire on the other. In February, Rolvaag announced his candidacy for a second term, proclaiming that he was running because "of the record of accomplishment of my administration." His statement was met with studied silence by the party. The next day, Lieutenant Governor Keith announced *his* candidacy.

A thirty-seven-year-old Rochester attorney with sand-colored hair, cut in the Kennedy manner, and the appearance of a college football hero, Sandy Keith is a striking physical contrast to the baldish, dumpy figure of the fifty-three-year-old Rolvaag. Keith is also a political professional, with a talent for making friends within the DFL and an enthusiasm for campaigning. He might well have smooth sailing were it not for one questionable judgment.

Keith's name has been tangentially linked with the American Alliance Insurance Company, which collapsed in bankruptcy last fall and whose major officers have been indicted by a Federal grand jury for conspiracy and fraud. Though never directly associated with American Allied, Keith was briefly an officer of an affiliate, U.S. Mutual Insurance Company. The certainty that Republican campaigners will talk of Keith and American Allied has hurt Keith. Any Minnesota lieutenant governor needs a second job—the office pays only $4,800 a year and requires nothing more than attendance at biennal legislative sessions. But there are some people in the party who still have doubts about the political good sense of a state official who will take a job with a state-regulated company when he is already a successful attorney.

With the battle lines drawn, the DFL faces the problem of keeping the fight from cutting too deeply. As Chairman Farr says, party leaders are trying to see that "no one gets so thoroughly and emotionally committed to one candidate that he could not support the other if he were nominated." Several top party members have already chosen sides. In Rolvaag's camp are Senators McCarthy and Mondale, although neither will involve himself very energetically. (Mondale, who was appointed to his Senate seat by Rolvaag, has little choice.) In Keith's camp are Hess, who is vice-president of the state AFL-CIO and the most important labor leader in the DFL, and a majority of the party's district chairmen.

Others equally influential have remained publicly noncommittal: Vice President Humphrey, Farr, and Representative Blatnik. Blatnik's eventual decision could be significant. He probably will bring some thirty-five to forty convention votes with him, and the commitment of this bloc could signal a trend. Blatnik has had no love for Rolvaag since the governor passed him over in filling Humphrey's Senate seat, but neither is he fond of Keith, who opposed his election as national committeeman. He could go either way.

Rolvaag and Keith approach the impending convention almost evenly matched in delegate strength. Party rules require a two-thirds majority to endorse, which neither man now has. A deadlocked convention could mean prolonging the fight until a September primary, leaving only two months to heal deep wounds before the general election.

In this squabble, the DFL is paying a price for its success. There is little room at the top for an aspiring young Democratic candidate in Minnesota. Senators McCarthy and Mondale are not about to budge from their present positions, nor are the four DFL Representatives. Dislodging even the weakest of Minnesota's four Republican Representatives would be difficult because of district boundaries. Thus, for an ambitious man like Keith, the governorship is just about the only desirable opening available. Rolvaag believes it is lust for power that moves his challenger: "This is just a case where a younger element in the party has gotten a little bit

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too ambitious too soon. They're going to have to wait a bit." Keith denies this, maintaining that he is merely carrying out the party's bidding: "The party has to think it is in trouble to ask someone to take on the incumbent governor. You don't think I'd be here if the leadership wasn't behind me, do you?"

And yet, even this year no one can say that the DFL is cutting its own throat. It would seem to be the golden opportunity for the Republicans, and it would be—were it not for the Republicans. The two men who stand the best chance of recapturing the governorship for the G.O.P., former Governor Andersen and the articulate moderate Representative Clark MacGregor, have so far rejected party pleas to run. Instead of choosing between these two strong men, the Republicans find themselves with a choice of Harold LeVander, a colorless conservative South St. Paul attorney; William Randall, a county prosecutor from St. Paul; and John S. Pillsbury, a late-starting Minneapolis insurance executive from the milling family. None of them has overtaken Keith in the polls.

Nonetheless, the DFL primary fighting still touches the reputation of one important figure—Hubert Humphrey. At the moment the Vice President is not pulling strings in the Minnesota contest, and there is cause to question how effective any such attempt on his part would be. As one party man put it, "This is a pretty independent party, not the kind where the word is handed down and everyone jumps. Humphrey could perhaps influence a key person here and there but he doesn't run the show." This assessment is accurate. The DFL plots its course according to the views of the lieutenants in the field rather than those of the generals.

This is not to say that Humphrey is totally detached. He has been informed of every development and his advice has been sought. But influence must be spent at the right time and in the right place to obtain its greatest effect. The Vice President can be expected to step into the DFL fight at some time before the convention to try to restore the order that the party badly needs.

The Chips Are Down For Harold Wilson

GEORGE BAILEY

LONDON

IT IS generally agreed that the elections of March 31, which returned the British Labour Party with an absolute majority of ninety-seven seats in the House of Commons, were merely the conclusion of a costly process that began in October, 1964, when a minute three-seat majority condemned the party to a kind of indefinite candidacy in power and made a protracted electoral campaign out of what should have been a constructive legislative period. For this reason the victory was a vote of suspended judgment rather than of confidence. Most people felt that Labour hadn't really had a chance to prove itself, and the party was at pains to reinforce this impression: "Don't forget," Harold Wilson stressed, "we have only been in power seventeen months." In short, the circumstance that prevented the Labour Party from acting like a government also spared it from being judged like one.

Labour was well advised to coast along to victory, merely taking care to say nothing radically wrong or wrongly radical. (Wilson took the heat out of the Rhodesian issue with repeated though unfounded assurances that the rebels could be brought to heel by imposing economic sanctions rather than by using military force.) The Conservatives, still in disarray after the upheavals of reorganization, were themselves divided on some issues and had no time to marshal their forces. (The Labour Party's timing in calling the elections was astute and effective.) Moreover, in trying to engage an elusive opponent in meaningful discussion, the Conservatives found themselves with all the unpleasant things to say—to an electorate that is notoriously disinclined to hear such things. The ensuing atmosphere of governmental make-believe angered a good many. The socialist *New Statesman* called it "The Obscurantist Election," in which the voter was regaled with "nothing but lies, half-truths, irrelevancies, abuse and clap-trap."

Shifts and Adjustments

The only real question arising from the elections concerns the true identity of the victors. What is the nature of the Labour Party today? Is it still in any real sense a socialist party or merely a new middle-of-the-road mass political organization

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led by an increasing number of technocrats? Strikingly, only a handful of the sixty-nine new Labour M.P.s could be considered members of the working class. Forty of the newcomers are scientists, lawyers, or teachers. A third of them are Cambridge or Oxford men. Of the sixty-nine only ten, according to the *New Statesman,* can with any justice be regarded as belonging to the left wing of the party. And the very few ideologues among them come from formerly Conservative strongholds and environments.

But the archconservative in the Labour Party is none other than Harold Wilson himself, who, in the opinion of puzzled Tories and muzzled Labourites alike, bids fair to become, in the words of the *Economist,* "the most immobile and right-wing prime minister since Stanley Baldwin." It was Wilson's choice of carefully humdrum imagery that made it possible for Labour to take over the middle ground of the electorate, which is traditionally Conservative. What at first looked like a shift to the Left by the electorate had been preceded by a shift to the Right by the Labour Party. This phenomenon was neatly if belatedly complemented by the Conservative Party's shift to the Left as manifested by the dropping of the aristocrat Alec Douglas-Home in favor of a lower middle-class grammar-school boy become Oxford man, Edward Heath.

Perhaps the March 31 victory does assure a Labour government into the early 1970's, when it might just achieve the four per cent annual growth rate which it has set itself as a goal and which is generally regarded as the minimum necessary to get Britain moving again.

THE PROBLEM of postwar adjustment was as monumental as the achievement that posed it. The long retreat from world empire to second-class nationhood was necessarily an agonizing business. At the most, Britons could draw some forlorn pride from the fact that the maneuver was carried out more or less well. The fact that the process entailed a progressive loss of preference for British products made the business of presiding over the dissolution of the empire not only demoralizing and technically complicated but also insidiously expensive. The British taxpayer is still footing the bill for the operation.

As a result, Britain's postwar "revolution" was painfully unheroic. Since the war, neither party has given Britain any clear line of development. The Labour government's new national plan, like the recent defense White Paper, projects modesty into 1970 and beyond, with the effect of delimiting the national purpose far in advance. This is "planning for the future" at its psychological worst. Caught between the interactive influences of reform at home and dismantling abroad, between the impulse for modernization and the insistence on tradition, Conservatives and Labourites alike have exercised the vaunted British art of compromise with themselves, with each other, and with the electorate.

In the last case the exercise took the form of repeated efforts to outbid each other in launching policies and programs that were almost as appealing to the consumer as they were calamitous for the economy. Moreover, in maneuvering to maintain an international position of power wholly out of proportion to their national resources (witness the disastrous Suez intervention, which dealt so heavy a blow to the Tory party), the British consistently misjudged and mismanaged such resources as they possessed.

The most acutely felt effect of all this is the fact that Britain has not enjoyed anything like the fairly sustained economic boom common to most nations, large and small, of continental Western Europe. In the last seven years Britain has slipped from fourth to seventh place (behind the United States, Sweden, Canada, West Germany, Norway, and France) in income per capita. This despite an increase of hourly wages by nine per cent last year, compared with an increase in production—as measured in the volume of retail sales—of only one per cent. The difference is made up in effect by dole. A common observation in London is that the British are enjoying their measure of prosperity on the tab—as a result of the loans the newly elected Labour government negotiated with the International Monetary Fund at the end of 1964 in order to stabilize the pound, a total debt of $2.4 billion that the government has managed to service but not reduce. It works out at slightly more than eighteen pounds sterling per head.

The surcharge levied on foreign imports by the Labour government served to increase the protection of an already overprotected British industry, thereby rendering it still less able to compete in world markets. Protectionism is usually cited as an example of providing incentives in the wrong direction. An example of the direct throttling of incentives is the fact that Labour has imposed the largest increase in taxes in Britain's peacetime history. The material gain between a salary of £5,000 and one of £9,000 is negligible because of surtax, making the prospects for the development of managerial talent and enterprise dim.

The Chains of Tradition

There is a mixture of fervent hope and massive skepticism that Labour will prescribe and administer a radical cure for the diverse ailments afflicting the nation. It is generally agreed that programmatic panaceas, such as the Beveridge flat-rate pension plan instead of an actuarially graduated pension or one paid according to assessed individual need, must go. But it is just as generally feared that they will stay. For the British Labour Party is as much tradition-bound—and in some ways more so—as the Conservative Party. This is most clearly the case with Labour's umbilical attachment to the trade unions, themselves perhaps the most Victorian institutions in Britain and among the most inefficiently and ineptly run organizations in the world.

The strike record of the British unions is extraordinary. Since January, 1950, British industry has lost something more than 140,479 work-years in an average of 2,233 "work stoppages" per year, with an annual average of over 900,000 workers taking part. This is four and a half times larger than West Germany's cumulative loss over the same period. But far more serious than the strike is the slowdown. Britain's rate of productivity increase is by

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far the lowest in industrial Europe. According to official government figures, from 1955 through 1964 Britain's annual rate of productivity increase per man was 2.3 per cent (as compared with 4.7 for France, 4.8 for West Germany, and 5.8 for Italy). British production falls further and further behind that of its European competitors. The *Economist* recently announced that the British productivity rate actually decreased 0.5 per cent during 1965.

The great majority of the strikes are mounted within the giant unions, with members of the metals, engineering, shipbuilding, and vehicles unions accounting for an annual average of about thirty-eight per cent of the strikes, while the transport and communications unions members account for approximately eighteen per cent. But the astonishing thing is that between ninety and ninety-five per cent of all work stoppages over the past sixteen years have been "unofficial," that is to say, wildcat strikes. Specifically, more than ninety per cent of the strikes are called expressly against union orders, directives, or instructions by "unofficial liaison committees" whose chairmen are usually Communists. Thus on April 13, nine thousand London dockers flouted the instructions of their unions and stopped work for an hour to listen to one Jack Dash, the Communist chairman of the London dockers' unofficial liaison committee.

The avowed aim of the unofficial leaders is to form a united front of London dockers against the government's proposed amendments to the regulations on dock employment. The stoppage was everywhere regarded as a severe setback for the Transport and General Workers' Union, which had urged an inquiry into the dockers' objections. However, the unofficial committee also rejects the union's proposed inquiry, saying that it prefers the status quo until such time as the industry is nationalized. The committee regards nationalization as the only solution to the problems of the dockers, three-quarters of whom are hired on a casual basis.

In reality, the great majority of British unions are virtually powerless to enforce any sort of discipline worthy of the name. The result is a kind of genteel chaos. A fairly common occurrence is the chain reaction—a strike against a strike, as when stoppages and go-slows by fifteen drivers at the Morris Motors body plant brought seven hundred workers out in protest. This resulted in another three hundred men being laid off. The anti-strike strikers, it was explained, were protesting the "disruptive tactics" of the drivers and the British Motor Corporation's "failure" to bring the situation under control.

THE LOSS that British industry sustains through work stoppages in terms of reduced volume of production and inability to meet delivery dates (which causes disgruntled customers to place their orders elswhere) is considerable. But the immensely greater harm done the country by the unions is indirect. Only about fifty firms carry the

British economy—that is, consistently show a profit in hard-currency earnings from exports. All the rest, among them thousands of small workshops of from five to fifteen employees, are working at a loss. In sum, as far as the national economy is concerned, millions of British workers are not gainfully employed. At the same time, Britain suffers from an acute labor shortage due to the policy of employment for employment's sake. The upshot of this situation is grotesque: the spectacularly successful firm of Rolls-Royce is so desperate for skilled labor that its management might be excused if it resorted to kidnapping. Meanwhile, one of Britain's sickest industries, shipbuilding, has a great many more workers than it knows what to do with. The same is true of the largely casual dock workers.

The key to British economic recovery is the radical reapportionment of the labor force according to national need. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the magnitude and complexity of such an undertaking. It will involve long-term mass unemployment, the training and retraining of millions of workers, the retooling and tooling up of most of British industry—in short, the recasting of the British industrial base. Since this is the oldest industrial base in the world and has been rendered all the more obsolete by decades of neglect, the undertaking will have to be preceded by a wholesale junking operation. Athwart this one and only way to recovery sprawls the British labor movement.

For the unions, Britain's shrinkage from world empire to European island was a process that transformed preference into protectionism, turned national interest into regional prejudice, and corrupted cooperative spirit into separatist idiosyncrasy. The price of pioneering social reforms for the world was a tradition that has mummified the original institutions of reform until they now appear—and are—reactionary. Worst of all, their poorly paid, overworked, and undereducated leaders and functionaries are continually being rotated out of positions of power or sustaining influence, leaving the door open for maverick activists of every description. The Communist Party of Britain is neither large enough nor competent enough to take over any significant section of the movement, with the result that Communist efforts in this direction merely contribute to the general disorder.

The Necessary Revolution

Lenin gave up the British worker in disgust as incapable of revolution when he witnessed what for him was the unspeakable infamy of strikers playing Sunday football with strikebreaking policemen on the village common. Lenin was right. There will never be a proletarian revolution in Britain because there never was and never will be a proletariat. (The British workingman is no stuffier than any other class of Englishmen, but he is just as stuffy.) But there is going to be something rather like a revolution.

There will have to be, because the

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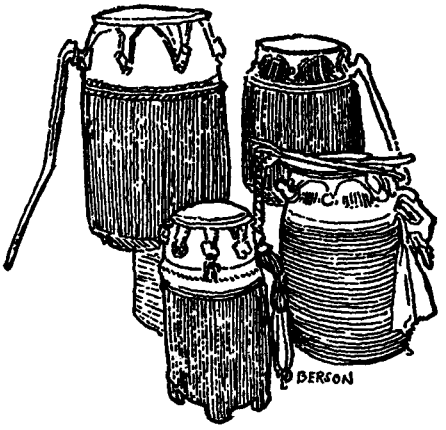
British are very nearly at the end of the road. Whether or not the Labour Party is any better equipped than the Conservatives to deal with the trade unions must remain to be seen. But the trade unions will have to be dealt with. Both time and money are running out in Britain. It is highly unlikely that the government will be able to arrange another $2.4-billion loan, and it is widely believed that devaluation in some form or other will prove inevitable. The only question is how soon it will come and whether the process will be controlled or chaotic.

Events have now clearly conspired to make Britain's accession to the Common Market a matter of absolute necessity. Despite Labour's evasions on this issue during the campaign, the country has no choice but to seek membership with all decent tactical speed. The government has already begun to do so in the form of "exploratory probing" in the capitals of the Six. If, as they are frequently described even within their own party, the new crop of Labour leaders are opportunists in search of an opportunity, entry into the Market is likely to prove a blessing disguised as a stern necessity.

There are no longer any cogent excuses for hesitation. Britain has no preference in the Commonwealth. The argument that entry would work a hardship on the British farmer was never anything more than a bargaining point: under four per cent of the population is engaged in agriculture. The distinct possibility that France will again block Britain's entry into the Market will have to be regarded as a challenge and not, as in the past, as a pretext for delay.

BRITISH ENTRY into competition with European firms for European markets (including British markets) will clear both the ground and the air in Britain. It will provide an opportunity for the stretch of the spirit and economic muscle of a people that, after decades of constriction, desperately needs that stretch. The most overused slogan during and after the elections was that "A people gets the government it deserves." A government also gets the people it deserves.

VIEWS & REVIEWS



Beating the Drum For African Art

FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

DAKAR

IT SOUNDED as though all the drums in Senegal had been mobilized for the occasion—the First World Festival of Negro Arts, held in Dakar during nearly the whole month of April. The drumming hit you like a hot blast of Sahara wind the moment you landed at Yoff airport, for someone had seen to it that all incoming flights were greeted by a magnificent, excruciating, earsplitting orchestra of drums, balaphons, flutes, harps, and a battery of small percussion instruments. Certainly Bayreuth was never like this: the drums following you everywhere, the rhythms jumping out at you in taxis, busses, restaurants. On the street behind my hotel it took the form of a band of strolling players from the brush country south of here—a dozen wildly costumed comedians who rap on desiccated gourds, scrape on serrated ratchets, whang on underarm drums, caper between cars, do handsprings, balancing acts, and a barefoot deep-knee-bending dance that looks like a Russian kazatzky. Down the street at a textile shop there is a drummer who squats by the door literally drumming up business: he plays the weak beats with the bare fingers of his right hand and drives home the strong beats with a curved drumstick held in his left, all the while chanting an endless singsong commercial that rises to a higher pitch whenever a likely customer appears.

Dakar is a mixture of the latest French bank architecture and a sprawl of corrugated-iron bidonvilles, some of them lining the city's major avenues of approach. To keep these slums from obtruding on the festival spirit, they were concealed with high fences of shiny new corrugated tin that sparkled gaily in the sunlight as the cavalcades drove by. Though the residents of these bidonvilles never got to see the big international events at the festival theatres, they were kept entertained by free open-air shows put on every day at city squares and sandlots all over town. Large crowds always gathered for these dance exhibitions, since Dakar's unemployed have plenty of time on their hands. The dancing takes place in a huge circle. Every now and then the front row of spectators edges closer to the performers, and then the ushers and organizers take belts or sticks and slash the honored public around the legs and ribs.

The younger children are apt to

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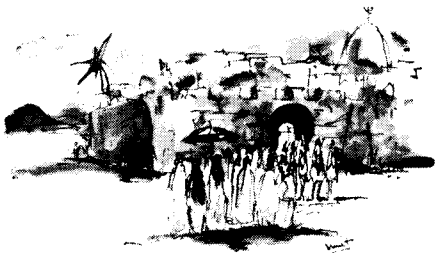
cry out at this and their mothers tend to object, so that many peculiar scenes occur on the sidelines while the performance is going on at the center. The dancers are either masked young men in various grass and vegetable disguises or well-padded matrons wearing immense flowing chenille or taffeta gowns that whirl, swirl, twirl, furl, and curl as they go prancing about. If you can imagine six or seven operatic sopranos of Schumann-Heink avoirdupois doing the "Dance of the Hours" from *La Gioconda*, you will have a fair idea of the prevailing Senegalese dance style.

THE MORE EXOTIC, erotic dances familiar to readers of the *National Geographic* and admirers of *King Solomon's Mines* were provided by guest companies from places like Mali, Chad, Dahomey, and Sierra Leone, and staffed by lissome teenagers. Since many troupes come from places where it is customary for both sexes to dance naked above the waist, the resulting programs proved immensely popular with both press and public. Their shimmying and shaking, artful pirouetting, and contredansing—analogous, perhaps, to the movement of leaping gazelles and the bobbing of breadfruit on a swinging branch—easily eclipsed anything I had ever seen in the classic European ballet. There is something ineffably inspiring in the sight of a nubile dancer shaking herself at the world for the sheer kinetic exuberance of it, in company with half a dozen of her compeers moving in perfect rhythm to the drums—elbows revolving, hips gyrating, head thrown back, bare heels stamping the ground.

Among the male dancers there were many acrobats of circus caliber: one who turned cartwheels with a glass of water without spilling a drop; another who revolved on his stomach (at about 45 rpm) atop a freestanding thirty-foot pole; and a third who did an unconcerned Buster Keaton kind of jig on stools and things while three pairs of assistants twirled ropes over and under and all around him. Some of the dance companies—the Ghanaians, for example—have already turned heavily ethnic and are learning their steps at the university level, which means that the shaking and twisting is sublimated into predictably decorous channels, and that the dancers are fully dressed, which gets in the way considerably. The most exciting ensembles were usually recruited in the hinterlands by some stage-wise entrepreneur who selected the best dancers and musicians from various villages for a sort of choreographic smorgasbord.

The festival proved, however, that African dances are not meant to be watched onstage or even in the round, but must be stamped to and clapped to and shouted at. Removing them from their native habitat, the village dancing ground, and performing them for onlookers who are not participants deprives them of the hypnotic force that is generated in real villages at real dances to real music.

The best drumming I heard during the entire festival took place at a bidonville not far from my



hotel. Guided by the Ariadne sound of drums, I threaded my way through a maze of slum alleys to find an open space jammed with people. In the middle there was just room enough for two or three dancers and five or six drummers. I started to clap my hands and jive my shoulders a little and was thereupon overwhelmed with handshakes, halloos, hearty welcomes, and the whole routine of bonhomie. Then, one by one, the aunts and grandmothers broke loose from the shouting circle and did wild gyrations while the neighborhood roared its approval. It was a transplanted village dance that was happening there within a stone's throw of the chrome-steel and plate-glass Dakar, and we had an all-day, all-night, and again all-day session that ended only when the last drummer finally burned out with fatigue.

The President of Senegal, Léopold Sédar Senghor, organized this festival for "the defense and illustration" of his favorite concept—Negritude, which he defines as "the Negro values of civilization." Senghor was a poet in Paris before coming back to Dakar to become President of a virtual one-party state, and it was in his French poetry that he first spelled out the notion of an all-embracing Negritude.

MOST of the festival visitors from Europe and America did not have to be won over to the idea that there is something profoundly creative and vitally important in African art. Usually they were already "Africanists" of one sort or another: ethnographers, museum curators, dance teachers, art critics, and fashionable Paris painters who came to see what ideas they might take back with them to the XVIth Arrondissement. I noticed Carl Orff, for example, lost in rapt contemplation of percussion groups from Central Africa. But among many Africans I met—those from the former British colonies, and hence in local parlance "Anglophones" as contrasted to the French-speaking "Francophones"—there was surprising resistance to this untranslatable concept of Negritude. They regarded it as a mystical and rather meaningless catchword, on a par with de Gaulle's "gloire" but with faintly racist overtones. Because they distrusted Negritude, some of the East African governments refused to send delegations to the festival. Their absence was hardly noticed, however, amid the constant comings and goings that turned Dakar into an endless Graustarkian cocktail circuit for visiting dignitaries ranging from Duke Ellington to Haile Selassie.

Dakar is rather like Vienna in being a capital without a country, but it boasts facilities unmatched elsewhere in Negro Africa—two stadiums, a 1,500-seat air-conditioned theatre with the latest electronic trimmings, an art exhibition hall, two superb museums, and several good hotels (mine was not among them). Senegal also has an excellent French-trained army. When it became apparent that the civilian festival management was powerless to cope with its logistical problems, the army stepped in to run the show. It was the army that

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cleaned up the city in preparation for the festivities, the army that attended to the billeting of foreign visitors, and the army that handled the distribution of tickets. The press-relations people were officers in mufti, with a military bearing unlike that of any P.R. men I have ever known. There were sergeants sitting at the box offices, and paratroopers with submachine guns guarding the entrance to the main museum; there were times when one could easily have imagined oneself behind some Curtain, Iron or other.

BUT the breathtaking collection of sculptures displayed inside the Musée Dynamique confirmed all of President Senghor's most sanguine claims for Negro art. I have seen most of the world's important collections of what is wrongfully called primitive art, but never anything to match this Ali Baba's cave of treasures brought together from the museums of three continents by Jean Gabus of Neuchâtel, Switzerland. (Before being dispersed, the whole show will be brought to Paris for exhibition at the Grand Palais.) His selections cover an incredible range of works, each one a masterpiece of its kind, beginning with rock drawings from the Sahara, circa 5000 B.C.; Nubian pottery, about 2000 B.C.; the Nok terra-cotta figures from Nigeria, about 500 B.C.; and the famous medieval bronzes of Ife, also in Nigeria. There are superb pieces representing every major sculptural style and region of Africa: the austere, rectangular masks of the Dogon, the vividly geometric figures of the Yoruba, the hierarchical bronzes of Benin, the filigree faces of Baoulé, the Medusa horrors of the Chokwe, and several hundred others.

If there is a common denominator here, it is simply that Negro art has given us the only consistent alternative to the Greek tradition of *physeos mimesis*—the imitation of nature—that has dominated European art for two thousand years and more. The African artist is not content with counterfeiting human features; he is fascinated by man's shape but not bound to it. He experiments with and creates rivals to nature, exploring other possibilities and making improvements that end up as diagrams of the unconscious. In a curious way these distortions always recall us to our private selves, so that an adventure with Negro art tends to become a voyage to the interior.

At the same time the technical means are dazzling in their variety, for the African artist is no more inhibited in his materials than in his forms. He creates figures of string, faces forged of wire, ceramic heads surmounting round-bellied pots, totems emerging from fieldstones, masks ornamented with leather, with bits of plush, with tin from cans, with copper from kettles, with seashells, bones, teeth, ivory, fur, beads, paper, and raffia. It is easy to see why European art, after centuries of carving the same blasted marble and painting on the same flat canvas, had so much to learn from these freewheeling sculptors. One small corner of the Musée Dynamique was in fact set aside for the art work of some of the Europeans who first discovered Negritude and applied it to their own purposes—a Picasso painting, a Léger tapestry, and sculptures by Zadkine and Modigliani.

MEANWHILE, back in Africa, the influence of European art on Negro artists has been nothing short of disastrous. Most of the painting and sculpture shown at the festival's exhibition of contemporary Negro art is on a level with the tourist souvenirs sold at the nearby "artisans' village." One of the participants at an art symposium here came up with a definition for this kind of thing that says it all in one fell phrase—he called it airport art. The term caught on like wildfire, and soon everyone was going around pointing out favorite examples. It seems to be the most useful addition to the vocabulary of art criticism since the word "*Kitsch*" was coined to cover railway-station art.

The problem is, what can be done to check the proliferation of airport art? The First World Festival of Negro Arts was unable to suggest a remedy.

Simon Says Thumbs Up

GERALD WEALES

THE BROADWAY audience is probably the most unsophisticated in the world. It gives lip service to the new (it even makes a hit of *Marat/Sade*), but its heart belongs to the familiar, the warmhearted, the undemanding. It thrives on a diet of light comedy and musicals which reflect sexual attitudes that the average junior-high student has long since abandoned, a view of society and the family which seems to be based on a little Freud and the files of the *Delineator*, and a reassuring belief that restrained eccentricity will allow one to conform happily ever after.

Every season, intrepid producers drag new shows into town, the usual ingredients spiced with some oddity or other, and most of them die after a nervous gasp or two. It is impossible to explain why *Me and Thee* flopped and *The Impossible Years* succeeded, since both were negligible shows starring television personalities, and it is even harder to predict which comedies will make it. With three successful shows running simultaneously, Neil Simon may have stumbled onto the secret, but he probably could not teach it to us even if he wanted to. "All the courses do," he once told an interviewer, "is teach you to write plays like everyone else writes."

The secret of Simon's success may be no more complicated than that. I went to see his three current hits recently, hoping to find out what was uniquely Simon about them, and I came away conscious that their attitudes are one with the rest of contemporary Broadway comedy and that their devices are the familiar ones that have worked often on stage and in television, where Simon learned his trade. After more than ten years as a successful TV comedy writer for Phil Silvers and Sid Cae-

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sar, among others, Simon came to Broadway in 1961 with the highly successful *Come Blow Your Horn,* a standard farce with autobiographical overtones. This was followed by *Little Me* (1962), a musical for which Cy Coleman furnished the notes and Simon wrote what passed for a book; the show was really a collection of sketches that gave Sid Caesar an opportunity to keep changing his makeup.

At the moment, Simon's *Barefoot in the Park* is well into its third and, judging by the half-empty house, last year; his *The Odd Couple* has gone healthily into its second year; and *Sweet Charity,* for which he did the book, once again to Cy Coleman's music, is playing to standing room only. For the success of *Charity,* however, Simon gets little of the credit; the bulk of the praise has gone, deservedly, to the dancing and to the star, Gwen Verdon, although the show seemed somewhat plodding when I saw it.

SIMON'S comedies are about marriage and divorce, as are most Broadway comedies, and what he has to say on the subject is as conventional as possible. Alan, the modified rake-hero of *Come Blow Your Horn,* refuses to have an affair with "that special girl," although she is willing, and he insists on the marriage that he has been avoiding, thus changing himself from the bum his father calls him to the solid citizen he must be if he is to succeed in the wax-fruit game. From the audience's standpoint, this might be called not having your cake and eating it too. In *Barefoot in the Park,* the young husband unstuffs his shirt a little and his kooky wife learns that not all time is playtime (her mother laboriously spells out the message), and thus their marriage is saved.

At the end of *The Odd Couple,* in which two men sharing an apartment discover that they annoy one another as much as they annoyed their ex-wives, the tidy Felix seems to be headed for a little mild chaos with the Pigeon sisters and the sloppy Oscar begins to pick up cigarette butts; there is even a hint that their giving way may rebuild their broken marriages.

Since *Sweet Charity* sticks fairly close to the general line of *Nights of Cabiria,* the film on which it is based, the heroine cannot get the picket-fenced love she yearns for, although she goes on hoping and even her tough friends admit that she has the right idea. The story has already been softened a great deal, for Charity is a dance-hall hostess and not, like Cabiria, a whore, and her almost slapstick sexual advances are primarily rejected not so much by the other characters as by Simon's manipulation of the accidents that befall her.

It would be wrong to suggest that Simon really cares about these commonplaces. His use of the muted happy ending, of the psychological

middle way, of the Broadway longing for the old-fashioned virtues, seems not to stem from any conviction on his part or from any crass desire to give the audience what it presumably wants. His plays are all built on the confrontation of conflicting character types; and since there are no plots in the traditional sense, the only way that the plays can end is in the modification of the types.

So far, at least, Simon has only been able to bring off that modification and bring down his curtain by falling back on the platitudes of his time and his genre. In the first act of *Come Blow Your Horn,* Alan, the man of the world, is contrasted to his virginal brother Buddy and to his unbendable father. By the third act, Buddy has become as suave as the old Alan and, to complicate and cash in on the comic juxtaposition, Alan has become as rigid as his father, appropriating not only his manner but his lines. The father, in turn, relaxes and the play is brought to a close not by the working out of an action but by the exchange of mannerisms.

Barefoot in the Park presents not only the contrast of the incompatible but loving couple but a second mismatch, the middle-class mother of the bride and the animated worldling who lives upstairs: "He wears Japanese kimonos and sleeps on rugs. Your mother wears a hairnet and sleeps on a board." Like the young couple, the old folks learn to be less ordinary and less eccentric, and the audience is promised a romance, a little foolish and a little stolid, like the marriage of the young people which is presumably to allow for going barefoot in the park under controlled conditions. As for *The Odd Couple,* the point is that Felix is too neat and Oscar too messy and that they teach one another something not because the action demands it but because, unless you are Samuel Beckett, you cannot very well bring the curtain down where you took it up.

HAVING DISPENSED with the conventional comic plot and hence with the endless accidents that complicate it, Simon is forced to concentrate on his characters. It is here that his strength lies. They are mostly stereotypes—the Jewish mother, the nonconforming girl, the Mr. Milquetoast—or else characters built on a single personality quirk. The thing that makes his characters more interesting than their peers in other Broadway comedies is that Simon has a good eye and ear for the details of contemporary life, for the verbal patterns of quarrels and reconciliations, and that he exaggerates them only slightly—enough to insist on their comicalness but not enough to divorce the characters from their origins. Thus, in *Barefoot in the Park,* when the young couple fight about the cold apartment, there is a familiar ring to the exchange:

CORIE: You don't have to get sarcastic.

PAUL: I'm not getting sarcastic, I'm getting chapped lips.

It is not that our offstage lines, when we quarrel, are so clever, but that they involve the same kind of distortion of what is said to us.

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Simon gives us characters at whom we laugh fondly, or with whom we find identification at least to the extent of saying that one is very like our brother-in-law or our barber. Simon is not a serious comic writer; he is an amiable one. There are incidental satirical bits, particularly in the musicals, but for the most part his comic points have no bite. If one looked at his characters in cold blood, they might seem to be an impossible collection of monsters, but in a Simon play all-devouring mothers, domineering fathers, free-loading neighbors, and self-indulgent criers are forgiven.

Working within the central comic situation of each play, Simon uses one main device to get his laughs: repetition. This involves placing a line or a visual bit early in the play, returning to it often (sometimes too often), and working variations on it. The main trick in *Come Blow Your Horn* is that every time one of the boys opens the door to welcome a beautiful girl, there is an unexpected person behind it—the father, the mother, and finally, as a topper, Aunt Gussie. The gag in *Barefoot* is that everyone who enters, having climbed five flights, must come in puffing and work his way from being winded to being funny about it. The use of the window, out of which Felix may or may not jump in *The Odd Couple,* is similar, building finally to the second-act curtain in which Oscar throws the window open and invites Felix out.

Verbal repetition is used in the same way. Simon will introduce a line, often not funny in itself, which becomes amusing by being identified with a particular character, and he gets a final laugh by destroying the line through having it repeated when circumstances alter.

NEIL SIMON, then, is an occasionally amusing playwright with a nice sense of stereotype and a winning way with standard devices, with nothing to say that might upset an audience and a large audience quite willing for him not to say it. "It's *not* enough, Alan. You've got to have talent too," says Connie in *Come Blow Your Horn.* "Only if you want to be good," answers Alan. "Not if you want to be a star."

Cape Cod House

The builder of this room, who gave it all
he knew of grace and even a thought of grandeur
in the doors' and windows' classic capitals
and mouldings of leaves the local plasterer
could hardly have managed, is nearly a century gone,
and all his line is gone. I watch the sun
lower along their lawn, while two quail feed,
peck over the mown grass, theirs and mine.
The sun, red as the legal seal on a deed
at the day's closing, sets on the dotted line.

At night it is easier. Each piece of furniture
I lived with before stakes claim to its corner.
They signal familiarity with each other
while I eavesdrop. I am the silent partner.
I have taken title, but have not taken root,
and am taking over, learning foot by foot
to feel the space of the house as a blind man, coming
into a new room, includes his face
to listen to walls. I study the quirks of the plumbing,
the moods of the shrubs. My nerve endings replace

the cobwebs I knocked down. It grows on me,
takes purchase of my senses. I assume
the scale and line of the house, and of Benjamin Bee,
draftsman and first occupant of this room.
I am his creature, and even know his creator—
some architect in the South whom the Civil War
impressed upon this captivated Yankee.
And so on back, until I understand
what bothered Blake who, though rebelliously,
drew how the calipers melt into God's hand.

—DAVID R. SLAVITT

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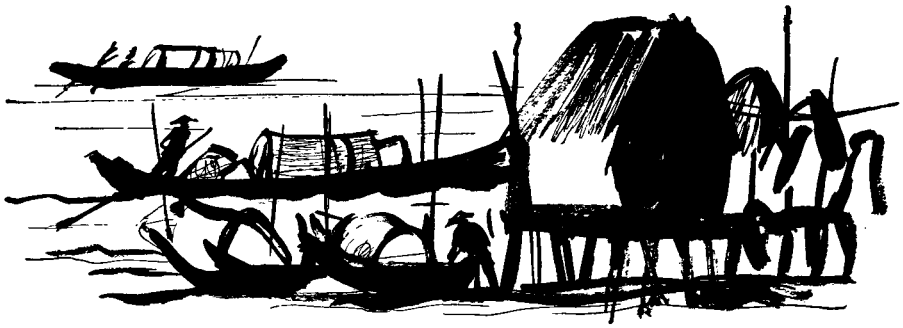
BOOKS



History in Dispute

GEORGE K. TANHAM

VIETNAM: BETWEEN TWO TRUCES, by Jean Lacouture. Translated from the French by Konrad Kellen and Joel Carmichael. *Random House. $5.95; Vintage paperback. $1.95.*

Joseph Kraft states in his adulatory introduction to *Vietnam: Between Two Truces*: "To read Lacouture after a dose of the official and even the journalistic literature which we get in this country is to pass from griffins and unicorns to Darwin and Mendel." The implication is that we are going from mythology to science —careful and unprejudiced research, including the citation of sources and precise and objective reporting. But Lacouture's book does not come close to the level of modern scholarship or even of good journalistic standards. His prejudices color his interpretation of events and also seem to determine which facts are included. Even then, many of the facts are wrong.

From its title and beginning, the reader might suppose that this book is a history of all Vietnam; in reality it is primarily concerned with events in South Vietnam after 1954. Lacouture's dominating theme is that the National Liberation Front represents a spontaneous South Vietnamese revolt that was launched as a result of the late President Ngo Dinh Diem's oppressive and brutally repressive actions. He claims that its foundations were prepared at several secret meetings of dissidents in the South in March, 1960—a point on which one would certainly like some documentation. Did this small group, representing perhaps some five thousand guerillas, including a thousand Communists, force Hanoi by its "specific demand" and "moral pressure" to intervene in the South? According to Lacouture's account, Le Duan, who became secretary general of the Lao Dong (the Workers Party in the North) at the Hanoi congress of September, 1960, then authorized "a genuine revolution organization: the National Liberation Front," which was to be autonomous but closely attached to the Lao Dong, from which it could demand aid in the struggle against Saigon. One is thus led to believe that the North came reluctantly to the aid of the Southern dissidents and that Southerners still control the revolutionary movement.

WHILE it is obvious that there is a sectionalist Southern revolutionary movement, it is quite another thing to argue, as Lacouture does, that the North did not activate and assist the present insurgency from the start. Bernard Fall, for example, has quite a different version. He wrote in *The Two Viet-Nams* that the second war "began by deliberate Communist design in South Viet-Nam early in 1957." George A. Carver, Jr., writing in *Foreign Affairs,* states that the Lao Dong party established a Central Reunification Department in 1956, and in the same year instructed the Communist cadres in the South to begin agitation. Carver states, moreover, that in 1958 Hanoi Radio, calling itself "the voice of the Liberation Front," began broadcasting instructions to the Communists in the South. All this took place well before March, 1960.

Lacouture appears to struggle within himself as he grapples with the role of the People's Revolutionary Party (PRP), the Southern equivalent of the Lao Dong, set up in January, 1962. For while he concedes that the PRP is closely tied to Hanoi, is openly and completely Communist-dominated, and plays a key role in the NLF, he nevertheless clings to his belief that the Front is a real coalition of liberal nationalists voicing Southern interests—sometimes reluctantly admitting that this all may be clever Communist strategy.

It is not surprising that Lacouture is taken in by this strategy, seeing that he accepted at face value an earlier Communist stratagem. On page 46, he writes: "There is the particularly extraordinary gesture of 1945, without example in the history of international Communism: the dissolution of the Indo-Chinese Communist Party that he [Ho Chi Minh] had founded, and that he scuttled in order to facilitate union." He cites this move as an example of Ho's nationalism triumphing over ideology and never suggests that it was just a tactical maneuver to gain wider support and ultimate power. Not many other observers accepted Ho's act as genuine: Bernard Fall saw it as a sham in his *Le Viet-Minh,* and Ellen Hammer wrote in *The Struggle for Indochina* that the nucleus of the party remained intact and that the true Communists all joined a "Marxist Study Group." Ho Chi Minh himself best disposes of Lacouture's proposition in Volume III of his *Selected Works,* where he indicated that the party in spite of "the proclamation of voluntary dissolution . . . in reality . . . went underground" and "continued to lead the administration and the people." Finally, the Cominform announced a growth in the Indo-Chinese Communist Party from twenty thousand in 1946 to half a million in 1950—hardly a dissolution. So much for

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Lacouture's interpretation of that "extraordinary gesture."

Lacouture's different treatment of the Northern and Southern régimes again reveals ignorance, prejudice, naïveté, or a combination of all three. While castigating the Diem régime, and quite correctly, for its oppression and repression, for its jails and barbarous treatment of political prisoners, Lacouture ignores any such activities in the North. For example, he makes no mention of the brutal campaign in the North (called agrarian reform) to wipe out undesirable classes, landowners, and urban bourgeois. Bernard Fall estimates that fifty thousand persons were killed and perhaps twice that number were imprisoned during this reign of terror. This campaign led to a revolt in Nghe An, Ho's home province, which was crushed by the People's Army with thousands of casualties.

Lacouture accuses Diem of unilaterally breaking the Geneva Accords by refusing to hold elections in 1956 and thus of being totally responsible for the present conflict. While it is true that Diem publicly opposed the accords from the outset and refused to accept them, it was the French and the Democratic Republic of Vietnam's representatives, not Diem's, who signed the Vietnam military cease-fire. But more to the point, no nation actually signed the final accord, which leaves its legal status, to say the least, somewhat unclear.

While this reviewer is not a great admirer of Diem, Lacouture's evaluation of him seems so unfair that a few words must be said. Diem is criticized for being a mandarin, for favoring the Catholics and his family, especially his brother Nhu, and for running an increasingly brutal and oppressive régime. Not many would argue with these points. However, it should be noted that under the most difficult circumstances Diem did establish some degree of order in South Vietnam, which even Hans Morgenthau has referred to as a "miracle"; Diem did provide for nearly a million refugees from the North, a point Lacouture mentions in passing; and Diem did wipe out the criminal Binh Xuyen and subdue the sects. He did not allow pluralism, dear to Lacouture, but neither did Ho Chi Minh, who is not taken to task for this failure. Finally, Diem was a nationalist, as Ho himself told Lacouture. Diem's final years were bad, but his record is not all black.

While only a few of the author's errors are significant in themselves, they are symptomatic of sloppy work or indifference to the facts. The "Haiphong incident," a brutal French bombardment of the Vietnamese section of Haiphong "to teach the Vietnamese a lesson," is stated on page 8 to have occurred in 1945, though on page 235 the date is correctly fixed as 1946. The time element is important, as Lacouture makes the point that this incident of November, 1946, may have precipitated the Vietminh attack on the French on December 19, 1946, the date usually used for the start of the war. And although the VNQDD (Vietnam Quoc Dan Dang or Vietnamese Nationalist Party) may never have been very strong in the South, as Lacouture reports, it was seriously weakened by French reprisals after it set off a nationalist uprising in the North in 1930 and again after the Second World War when the Vietminh further decimated its ranks because it was a rival—two points the author has glossed over.

Nor does Lacouture seem particularly well informed about the American scene. There are not many in Washington who would name John McNaughton, Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, as one of the major "Hawks"; the U.S. Military Assistance Advisory Group in 1960 numbered less than eight hundred men, not four thousand; and the Special Forces are trained at Fort Bragg, not Fort Benning. There were few top-level Americans in Saigon who liked or were willing to bet on General Ky in the fall of 1964.

Much more important than these relatively minor errors is Lacouture's argument, based on cultural affinity, for a regional or federal (Vietnam-Cambodia-Laos) solution to the problem of Vietnam. He intimates early in the book that the five parts of French Indo-China "could not but obey the law of natural attraction." Differences in language, religion or branches of a religion, local customs, and history hardly add up to a common culture. The Cambodians are different ethnically and culturally from the Vietnamese, who have frequently attacked them, and whom they fear and dislike. Could the common culture be the veneer of French civilization once imposed on these peoples and now vanishing? Nevertheless, Lacouture's plea for a regional arrangement, vague as it is, is of interest. President Johnson has suggested a similar plan, though basing his proposal on the Mekong and economic interest rather than on a common culture.

It has seemed important to point out a few of this book's shortcomings in order to indicate its real nature, particularly in the light of the many uncritical reviews appearing in the press. But one should not conclude that it is not worth reading or that it does not contain much useful information and some interesting observations, interpretations, and characterizations. Lacouture emphasizes the importance of the village in Vietnamese life and the real damage that was done when the hamlets, which are sections of a village, were singled out for attention in 1961. His comments on and evaluation of the generals of the first junta are useful and there is a very perceptive chapter on the Buddhists. His speculations on the motives and roles of the Soviets and Chinese are especially interesting. And he is particularly good when discussing today's Vietcong, presenting a reasonably balanced case concerning the North's present role in the conflict in the South. The sections on the Vietcong include interesting excerpts from a Vietcong diary, along with quotes from the NLF's leaders and insights into its workings. As the book progresses from past to present, there is a better balance in the treatment of affairs.

If the reader expects a carefully documented consideration of the Vietnam question, however, he will be disappointed. There is no dispassionate discussion of the major issues at stake and little objective analysis of the past significant events in Vietnam. *Vietnam: Between Two Truces* expresses a very personal view, and one that is often superficial, vague, and biased.

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C	O	T	S	W	O	L	D	■	M	E	R	E	L	Y

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Understudy for Humbert

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DESPAIR, by Vladimir Nabokov. *G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.*

Avant-garde writers on both sides of the Atlantic have decreed the demise of the old novel. They want the *tabula rasa* of revolution, to make way for a new kind of novel to rise to the top. The fact that the wheel has long since been invented does not satisfy them. They pretend it does not exist so as to invent it again. They see nothing paradoxical about a deliberate search for originality. They seem to believe that one has only to look for a discovery to find it. But while they have been casting about for new wheels, there has arisen in their midst a writer who, with any hoop, can write circles around them all. He did not have to search for originality. He found it —where alone it can be found—inside himself. In the infinite ramifications of his self-awareness, he is more modern than any of them. No other writer speaks as surely to the post-Freudian, post-Communist, post-romantic, post-realistic, post-religious western mind of today as Vladimir Nabokov.

Nabokov is best known, of course, as the progenitor of poor Lolita, whose name has become a byword for sultry adolescence. Readers with long memories may also remember the exiled professor, Pnin, and, more recently, the young ill-starred chess genius, Luzhin. But if the famous (or is it infamous?) Lolita had never existed, she would not have had to be invented to assure Nabokov his place in contemporary literature. Behind him lies a large and unique body of work: nine novels written in his native Russian, of which he has translated six into English, five novels written in English, four collections of short stories, a critical biography of Gogol, a memoir of his boyhood, two volumes of his own poetry, and three volumes of other poetry translated by him from the Russian. While it has become fashionable among certain critics to trace the themes that recur in his work—madness, perverse pursuit of little girls, treacherous women, homesickness—to his great predecessors in Russian literature and thereby to suggest that it is more derivative than original, the fact remains that his treatment of these themes, his ideas, his jokes, his characters, and the demons that haunt them (he is peculiarly the prey and the conjuror of such *hantises*), and above all his astonishing virtuosity with words stamp all his work indelibly with his signature.

THE APPEARANCE, therefore, of another novel by Nabokov is an event, even if, as in the case of this newly published book, *Despair*, it was written as long ago in his career as 1932 and cannot compare in res-

onance with the later novels—to name two of the best, *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight* and *Pale Fire*. As with other books he wrote originally in Russian, Nabokov has done his own translation of *Despair*, revising it to suit as nearly as possible his present mature temper. In a foreword that is in part apologia for what he calls the "bungling apprentice" that he was three decades ago and in part a gleeful anticipation of what he is sure will be the fatuous critical reception of the book, he says that "Plain readers . . . will welcome its plain structure and pleasing plot . . . " Only Nabokov himself could have dreamed up so hilariously improbable a description of the contents of *Despair*.

It is true that *Despair* could be summarized in a sentence: the story

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of a murder as told by the murderer. But to define it thus is, to say the least, an oversimplification, for the man who is murdered is the alter ego of the murderer, and therefore, in intent and purpose, it is the story of a man who murdered himself.

The man in question, a Nabokovian homunculus named Hermann, begins his narration with the year 1930, when he has passed the age of thirty-five and has been living for the past ten years in Berlin. The product of an undistinguished Baltic German father and Russian mother, he had been interned in Russia as a German during the First World War, and had met and married his Russian wife, Lydia, while stranded briefly in Moscow before his repatriation. In Germany he took up the chocolate business. While this was no longer particularly lucrative, it all the same provided him and his plump, untidy Lydia—a gobbler of thrillers and a giggler in bed—with a boxlike, newfangled flat, a maid, a little blue Icarus sports car, and the dinner jacket with vast trousers in which Hermann says that Lydia so reverently admired him.

WHILE Hermann had to admit certain impediments to his connubial bliss (such as, for instance, Lydia's apparent mindlessness), on the whole she was so obviously in love with him that the constant presence of a penniless, brash painter, her cousin Ardalion, did not seem—to judge by his account of it—to awaken in him any untoward suspicion. Not even on the occasion when he found her, after she had said she was going to a movie, lying in her slip on Ardalion's bed was he, apparently, more disturbed than by her habitual disorderliness. The marriage was, he would have us believe, quite reasonably good, indeed quite normally passionate—except, perhaps, for the curious split that occurred more and more often in his mind during the conjugal act, when he seemed to be witnessing as well as performing it.

The only real flaw to which Hermann admits is the lack of scope for the creative fire consuming him. All his life he had been burning with it. Already, as a child, instead of stealing peaches or burying live cats, he had composed abstruse verse and elaborate stories. He had found

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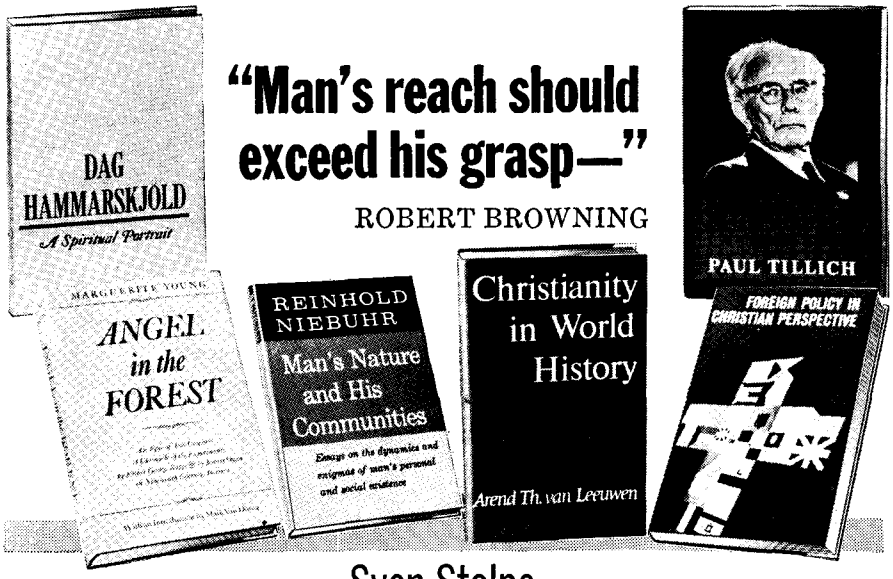
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delight in lying. He had lied as a nightingale sings, ecstatically, self-obliviously. Indeed, he had continued to exercise this creative faculty in his marriage, telling Lydia such a heap of lies about his past that he could not possibly have kept them in his head for reference, but this made no difference since she never remembered from one day to the next what he had said. So Hermann's life might have gone on in this humdrum *train-train* indefinitely, had he not on the ninth of May, 1930, in Prague, where he had gone to sell chocolates, encountered the miracle, stumbled on the inspiration, grasped at last—in the shape of a tramp named Felix whom he found asleep on a barren hillside under a thornbush—the missing trigger for his masterwork.

Something about the shape of the sleeping man had stopped Hermann in his tracks. With the toe of his elegant shoe he had flicked the cap from the man's face, and lo! there before him lay his exact replica, his double. Upon this discovery, Hermann's unconscious dream took shape in his consciousness and crystallized. What he did and how, despite inexorable logic, watertight shrewdness, and genius-like calculation, he discovered—too late—the one trick his memory had played on him, is unfolded in a tale as Faustian in its sorcery as any Nabokov has written.

YET, clearly, *Despair* is the work of a younger, colder, harder man than the one revealed in his later books. Just as Felix is no more than an understudy for Hermann, so Hermann himself is no more than an understudy for the Humbert Humbert of *Lolita* and the Professor Kinbote of *Pale Fire*, whose torments, unlike those of Hermann, elicit the reader's exacerbated pity. In one of Hermann's reflections on storytelling (reflections with which his own story is fascinatingly strewn), he writes that "the pale organisms of literary heroes feeding under the author's supervision swell gradually with the reader's lifeblood." Alas, Hermann's own organism receives no transfusions from the reader. He fails to swell. He remains no more than one of the inventions of the most fantastically inventive writer alive today.

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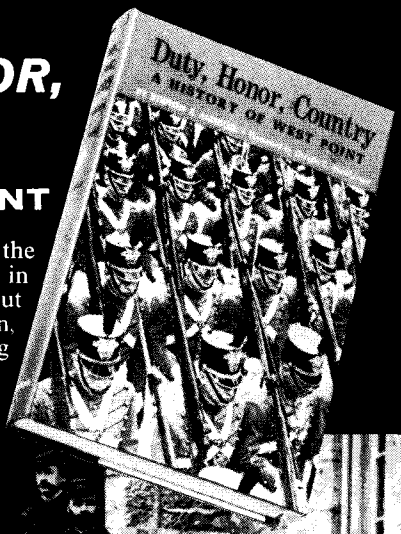

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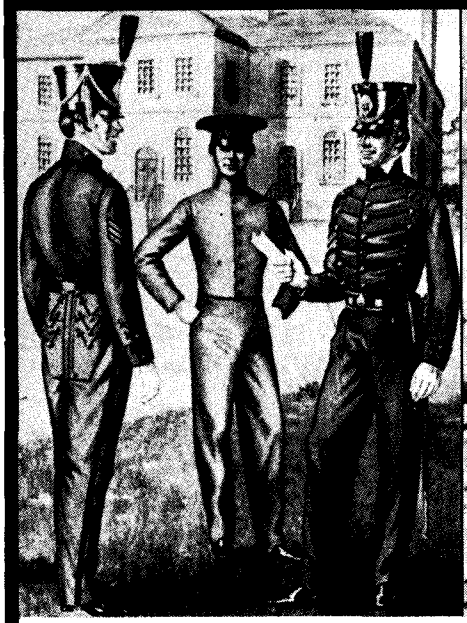

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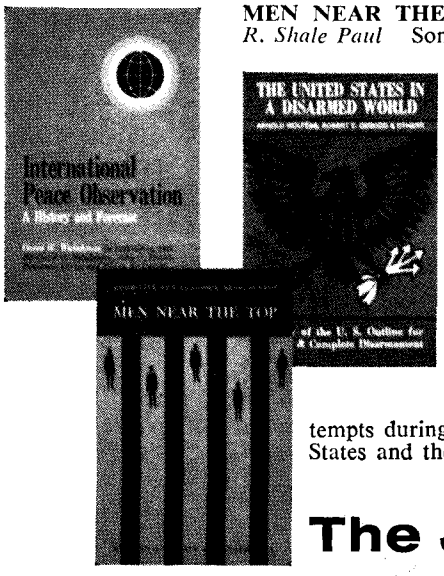

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